The Nation.

NEW YORK, THURSDAY, JULY 19, 1888.

The Week.

THE country is to be congratulated on the unanimity with which the Democrats stood by their determination to make the importation of wool free to our manufacturers. The wool duty is, from every point of view, perhaps the least defensible of all the conflicting and injurious provisions of our tariff scheme. Its history has been a continuous history of logrolling and of intimidation of the legislators of the nation by the representatives of special interests. As to its intrinsic merits, no rational theory of protection can justify the imposition of a protective tax on this product of the most primitive of industries, a tax which is a vexation and hindrance to manufacturers as well as a burden upon the whole population as consumers. If this opinion needed any confirmation, it might be found in the fact that though Germany, France, and Austria maintain protective tariffs, and are also wool-growing countries, they impose no duty on wool. We do not believe that high duties on it could ever have been imposed here had it not been for the constant political pressure exercised by the wool-growers, and the "deals" they have been able to effect with the woollen manufacturers. It is interesting to note that on the last day of the debate a letter was read from President Whitman, of the National Association of Woollen Manufacturers, protesting against the relief of his industry from a tax upon its raw material. This is quite in keeping with the history of the wool duty. But Mr. Whitman might profit by reading the extremely cogent and admirably sustained argument which he himself, in the name of his Association, submitted to the Secretary of the Treasury in 1885. We have nowhere seen the cause of free wool more ably advocated, or the burdensomeness of the wool duty to all classes and interests more clearly set forth.

The debate on the rice duty, like that on the sugar duty, shows an interesting condition of mind on the part of the Republican members. They manifest an extraordinary desire to look into the merits of the case in regard to these two Southern products, and consequently develop very contradictory opinions. The only way to avoid such differences is to stick to every duty through thick and thin, which is the policy formally adopted by the Chicago platform. Mr. Hopkins of Illinois argued that the duties should be made lower, because "the statistics show that no business North or South pays any better than the cultivation of rice," and he stated that the production was now fifty per cent. greater than before the war. Then it was pointed out by a Southern member that this was an error, Mr. Hopkins having accidentally got the ante-bellum figure wrong by just one hundred million pounds, so that in reality there has been a decline of about thirty per cent. And, sure enough, a little further on in the debate, up rises Mr. Bayne and indignantly asks whether the consumers of rice are to be taxed at a high rate for the benefit of a small and retrograding industry. But why bother about the consumer, or go into details of more or less? Has not the Chicago platform given you the simple rule that every protective duty is to be retained, or, if it must be modified to reduce the surplus, it is to be raised to the prohibitory point?

Another respect in which the Republican treatment of the sugar and rice questions contrasts with their treatment of the other items of the bill is, that they talk about the total rate of duty in these cases, and not about the reduction from the present rate. In the case of every other item in the bill they clamor against the slightest reduction, on the plea of its destructive effect upon those engaged in the industries affected. Now, the Mills bill does not commit the inconsistency of leaving the sugar and rice duties untouched; it reduces both of them something like 18 per cent. It may be held that the reductions proposed in the bill are not sufficient; but it is absurd, and especially so for high-tariff men, to estimate the justice of the proposition by considering simply the total rate of duty. The Mills bill is not a free-trade measure; it is a very moderate and conservative measure for the reduction of the present tariff. Mr. Elliott of South Carolina did well to remind the Republicans that "it is a condition we are confronting, not a theory," and that the condition in this case was a duty of something like 113 per cent. imposed by Republican legislation.

An element of picturesqueness is occasionally infused into the tedious discussion of economic questions by Mr. Nelson of Minnesota, whose evident American patriotism does not prevent him from feeling a pride in his Norse ancestors and his hardy Norwegian kinsmen of to-day. In the steamship-subsidy debate the other day, Mr. Nelson began a little speech by saying that he had not intended to take part in the debate, but that while listening to it "thoughts came into his mind of what great navigators his ancestors had been, and what great navigators their descendants still are." He told what high rank the merchant marine of Norway holds, it being next in magnitude to that of the United States, although Norway has a population of less than two millions. He ridiculed the notion that our ocean shipping was in its present low state on account of the operations of rebel cruisers twenty-five years ago, and mentioned that when those cruisers were causing our ship-owners to sell their vessels at a sacrifice, "hundreds of them were purchased by that little country of Norway, and used in her commerce, although she had as good and ample material for shipbuilding and as good ship-carpenters as you had." And it was with evident pride that Mr. Nelson replied to a Republican member who asked why they bought them: "They bought them because they could buy them cheaper, under those peculiar circumstances, than they could make them at home, and because they had the privilege of buying them," whereas with us "the trouble is, you have put the American merchant marine in a sort of strait jacket."

Senator Hoar has made an elaborate attack on the Fisheries Treaty, which he calls "a speech," but which is in reality an essay, filling a pamphlet of sixty pages, and containing a history of the American fisheries from the earliest times. We need hardly say that it contains very little that is new, which is no discredit to Senator Hoar, considering what thorough discussion the subject has undergone. He makes one new charge against the Administration, that it refused or failed to communicate the proposals and counter-proposals made while the Commission was in session. To which Mr. Bayard replies that it is absolutely untrue; that no record of the proceedings was kept except the daily protocols drawn up by the Secretary, which were transmitted to the Senate when called for in March of this year. When one extricates the Senator's main complaint from the mass of historical matter that envelops it, it is found to be simply the old one that the Canadians will not allow Americans to carry on the fish trade from Canadian ports. American fishermen wish not only to fish in Canadian waters, and to enter Canadian ports for wood, food, and repairs, but to enter them for any purpose whatever, or, in other words, to enter them both as fishing and trading vessels. The Canadians offer these privileges in return for the free admission of their fish and fish oil to our ports. This Senator Hoar treats as an impudent proposal, and he is not only angry with Secretary Bayard for listening to it, but for failing to override it by threats. No arrangement with Canada will satisfy him, or even be accepted by him as worthy of discussion, which does not compel the Canadians to share with Americans all the advantage and profits of their home fisheries.

Of course, this seems, on its surface, fair enough. But it is in reality most disingenuous. There are no fisheries on our coast in which the Canadians ask to be allowed to share or to fit out in Boston or Gloucester to carry on. When they come to our ports, they come simply as trading vessels with a commodity to sell. They do not seek to make our coast the basis of their fishing operations. In denying them access to American ports, we should, therefore, be denying them privileges accorded to all the world in order to punish them for refusing to let us share in something in which we do not deny them rights of property. The vicinity of fish-

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ing grounds is an advantage of the nature of property to the inhabitants of the coast. It would doubtless be churlish to refuse to allow foreigners to share it on any terms. But the Canadians do not do this. They say, "You may share all our advantages; your fishing vessels may enter our ports for any purpose, if you will give us free access to your markets." Sooner than accede to this, however, Mr. Hoar is ready to go to war. To him a proposal from a foreigner that we should take off an import duty on anything, has a savor of impudence about it like a proposal to commit some act of dishonesty or indecency, and he would punish it if he could. He quotes in the opening of the essay Burke's picture of the energy and success of the New England fishermen, and then goes on, with much fuming and fretting, to furnish an excellent illustration of that admirable saying of the same orator, that "a great empire and little minds go ill together."

It is difficult to tell whether the attempts of the Chicago *Tribune* to become reconciled with the programme which its party has this year laid down for itself partake more of the pathetic or the ridiculous. Its repudiation of the ultra-protection plank of the platform is complete, but it is exercising all of its ingenuity to find some way to excuse its support of the ticket on that platform. Its latest attempt takes the form of an argument to prove that the recent National Convention at Chicago had no right to speak for the party. It calls the free-whiskey utterance the "blunder or trick of a platform committee," and lays down the proposition that "a convention called as the agent of an existing political organization with well-known principles and policies must act within its commission, and perform only the specific duties intrusted to it," comparing such a convention to a church synod or conference. It is hardly worth while, perhaps, to argue against so ridiculous a proposition. A political convention is made up of delegates who are chosen just as much to adopt a platform as they are to nominate a ticket. There is, in fact, no other existing authority to set forth the party's principles. "A party's platform can only be changed," says the *Tribune*, "by consent of its members." The *Tribune* has announced that its way of withholding its consent to the free-whiskey platform is going to be to sustain the candidates who have been placed on that platform, and who have in their informal acceptances of their nominations signified their commendation of the doctrines held out to them, and will, of course, do so more explicitly in their formal letters of acceptance. The *Tribune* knows perfectly well that the only way the people can manifest their condemnation of a political platform is to defeat at the polls the candidates selected to put that platform into effect.

The woman suffragists appear to have a strong case against Judge Nash of Washington Territory, who recently declared the act giving women the right to vote in that Territory unconstitutional. He took the ground that when Congress, in the organic act, granted the Territorial Legislature the right to confer suffrage, it did not expect the Legislature ever to confer it upon women, and therefore that no Territory can grant its women a right to vote unless it can be shown that a majority of Congress believed in woman suffrage at the time when they conferred upon the Territory the power to regulate suffrage within its borders. This would be a weak position at best, in view of the fact that three Territories have granted suffrage to women without any question of their power being raised, and that the women of Wyoming have been voting for nearly twenty years; and the opinion loses all claim to respect in view of the experience of Utah. It will be remembered that when Congress two years ago wanted to deprive the women of that Territory of suffrage, it inserted a special section in an act, thereby admitting that the Territorial Legislature had been within its right in granting them the ballot, in the absence of Congressional prohibition of such action, and that the theory of such action being unconstitutional was absurd.

Our Consul at Amsterdam calls attention in a recent report to an interesting movement which has been started in Holland in the shape of an association called "The Foreign Country." This society has been organized by a number of the most prominent merchants and manufacturers of Holland, and by other influential citizens, with a view to keeping up the commercial rank of Holland in competition with the more powerful nations which are now so greatly enlarging their distant markets. The advantage which England and Germany have over Holland "is chiefly due," says the circular of the Association, "to the fact that both these countries possess in the principal markets of the world commercial establishments, entertaining direct intercourse with the mother country. By this means trade and navigation with the English and Germans are constantly stimulated, and their industry is kept informed by countrymen about the wants and requirements of other nations, and obtains fresh opportunities for the sale of its productions." With a view to supplementing the deficient opportunities of the Dutch in these respects, the Association "intends to procure, through personal influence of the members and by the interference of our consuls, for such young men as it shall think fit, appointments with commercial counting-houses in trans-Atlantic places." The Association intends to pay the travelling expenses of these young men, and give them such other pecuniary assistance as may seem necessary, with the understanding that the beneficiaries shall feel themselves morally bound to return the money when they are in a position to do so, and the money so returned will be again employed for the same purpose. We have no doubt that the energetic merchants of Holland will push this scheme of commercial fellowships with vigor, and it will be interesting to observe its development. But why not first try our plan of giving the foreign consulships to broken-down politicians, men with weak lungs in search of a warm climate, drunkards, ne'er-do-weels whom their friends want to get rid of, and active stump orators?

The London *Economist* has been making very severe strictures upon the mode in which the budget for India is determined. It has complained that the estimates are very loose, being made, in accordance with custom based on the provisions of an old law, some weeks earlier than it is possible to arrive at an accurate knowledge of the returns for the closing year. It also urges that there is no effective outside control over the financial administration of India. "The British Parliament is supposed to exercise supervision and control; but although this is the theory, every one knows that in practice Parliament never devotes more than a few hours at the fag end of a session to the consideration of the Indian budget, and then scrambles through the discussion in the most perfunctory and superficial fashion." In the issue of July 7, from which we have been quoting, the *Economist* writer, in replying to a defence of the Indian administration against his charges, made in an official communication by E. J. Sinkinson, one of the Secretaries of the Indian Government, handles Mr. Sinkinson without gloves; but at the same time the high position which the British civil-service system occupies in the public estimation is signally illustrated. After saying that the £70,000,000 of Indian taxation are "spent according to the virtually uncontrolled discretion of a handful of Government officials, there being not even an independent non-official audit of accounts," it is no small compliment for a severe critic to add: "That these officials are a body of honest and honorable men, filled with a sense of their responsibility, and striving earnestly to promote the best interests of the people of India, every one acknowledges. Still they are only human, and prone to err; and it is in the very nature of things that absence of control leads to laxness, and the growing up of practices that are apt to develop into abuses."

Frances Power Cobbe, discussing in the last number of the *Contemporary Review* the effect of scientific views of life on religious thought, mentions as an illustration the growing love of medical publications among the young of both sexes, and the growing interest in surgical operations. This brings her, naturally enough, to the practice which has sprung up within a few years among the doctors, and is particularly common in this country, of describing the patient's condition in detail in their daily "bulletins" when he happens to be a distinguished or well-known man. Formerly the bulletin used to be simply a statement of the patient's condition, whether better or worse, more or less hopeful, than the previous day. Now the attending physicians insert the reasons for their conclu-

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sions in the shape of accounts of the patient's temperature, and of the working of various internal organs — stuff, in short, which is of no earthly value to the public, simply satisfies the disgusting curiosity of a low class of newspaper readers, and ought to be confined to the nurse's record. The bulletin, too, is now signed by a larger number of doctors than it used to be. Formerly the principal physician told over his signature all the public needed to know. Nowadays a bulletin without four or five names to it seems to carry little weight. In fact, the multiplicity of signatures has a most unpleasant look of advertising. It produces the impression that the head doctor is trying to give as many of his brethren as possible a chance to get their names before the public in a conspicuous way. The general result is, as Miss Cobbe truly remarks, that—

> "The last recollection which the present generation will retain of many an illustrious statesman, poet, or soldier will not be that he died like a hero or saint, bravely, or piously, but that he swallowed such and such a medicine, and was perhaps sick at his stomach. Deathbeds are desecrated that doctors may be puffed and public inquisitiveness assuaged."

Those who remember the bulletins issued during President Garfield's and Gen. Grant's illness, and those of some others more recently, will think this a very mild way of putting it. The bulletins are not the worst of the matter, however. The interviews of the reporters with the physicians are a distinct aggravation, because they always contain fresh particulars—that is, a great deal of diagnosis and prognosis thrown into a popular, and sometimes a humorous form, to which the reporter gives as many journalistic touches as are necessary to make a thoroughly nasty mess. Has not the question an ethical side, which deserves the attention of the Medical Associations? Ought not the doctors to be restrained in the composition and publication of bulletins, as they are now in the matter of advertising themselves by periodicals or by hand-bills?

The proposal of the English Ministry to furnish a commission of judges to try the *Times's* charges against Parnell seems to be most reasonable and well-advised. A commission of English judges is probably the best tribunal for such a purpose that it would be possible to devise, and its decision would be accepted as the best obtainable, by the whole civilized world. The *Times* would of course prefer a London jury, but every fair-minded Englishman appreciates the force of the objections which the Parnellites make to an action at law, restricted by rules of legal evidence, and tried before a body of this kind. The Parnellites will now seek to exclude from the consideration of the Commission everything but the authenticity of the letters indicating complicity with assassins which the *Times* attributes to Parnell, while the *Times* seeks to have all the charges it makes in its pamphlet, "Parnellism and Crime," laid before it. The letters are, however, the only thing a sensible man need feel called on to answer. The rest of the pamphlet is an ordinary "campaign document," full of vague insinuation, forced inference, and ingenious collocation, all seasoned with the regular journalistic abuse. It would hardly be possible to get a bench of judges to agree to wade through it.

Nothing in our day could better illustrate the hold which the journalistic superstition has on the modern mind than the importance which the British public attaches to the *Times's* charges. They are really made, and believed in with knowledge, so far as is known, simply by the editor, Mr. Buckle, an obscure young man, formerly an assistant editor, and Mr. Walter, the proprietor, an elderly and dull country squire without any personal weight or influence. If the cry were, "Buckle and Walter believe Parnell was an accomplice of assassins," nobody would pay much attention to it, and most people would be amused by it. But by calling Buckle and Walter "the *Times*," the charges assume in Englishmen's minds great gravity, and compel the Government actually to organize a special tribunal to try them. Respect for the *Times*, without regard to the kind of men who are behind it, is really a discredit to a civilized nation in our day. It is a conversion of the cylinder press into a sort of fetish, such as an African chief would undoubtedly make of it, but of which men in broadcloth ought to be ashamed.

The influence of the Floquet-Boulanger duel on French politics, odd as it may seem to us, is likely to be very great. Floquet has shown himself a powerful and skilful debater in the Chambers, and has made mincemeat of poor Boulanger whenever he took the floor; but the French public does not expect a "brave général" to be much of an orator, and it does not discredit him seriously to be worsted in encounters of the tongue with an "avocat"—a well-known term of contempt in French military circles. To be worsted in a duel with swords, however, with an avocat considerably his senior—in fact, not far from sixty years old—is something which they are not likely to forgive in a soldier. Rochefort, who is an extremely French Frenchman, probably expressed the popular feeling very correctly in saying, as is reported: "How wonderful! The youngest general in the army let himself be pinked by a barrister nearly sixty years old!" In other words, whether Boulanger gets well or not, we have probably seen the last of him as a politician, and the Republic will be greatly fortified by having in one way or another disposed of a military pretender who at one time seemed dangerous.

The peculiar circumstances attending the reëlection of President Diaz will freshly warn Americans against reading their own political ideas into the Mexican political forms. The fact that a man could be elected President without having ever said that he would accept the office, without ever having been formally nominated, or having put forth a declaration of principles and purposes, or having one put forth for him by a party whose representative he had been chosen to be, is enough of itself to show how hollow is the pretence of popular elections in Mexico. And when we add to this the fact that the legislative power has been renewed in the same underground manner that has marked the choice of the Executive, so that it can be said of the new Congressmen that their "politics are mostly unknown," we see how impotent universal suffrage may be. In fact, the necessary preliminaries to a real election by the people are wanting in Mexico. The country does not know what a political party is, in our sense of the word. The only thing approaching a party platform known to Mexicans is the pronunciamiento of the leader of a revolution; and that means of political education is now, happily, largely a reminiscence. There is no such thing as public political discussion. The press has been so closely muzzled of late that its limited power as a political educator has been made smaller than ever. The indirect system of voting is a most manageable instrument, and the elections pass off almost in secrecy. Indeed, the hopeless wonder with which intelligent Mexicans regard our own immense fervor and agitation at times of important elections, is proof enough that their popular voting is only a name.

Yet all this is not saying that the choice of Gen. Diaz for a third term is not highly complimentary to him and his Administration of the past four years, nor that it is not probably the best thing that could have happened for the country. He has undoubtedly made a valiant stand for economy and efficiency in the public service. In all international relations, excepting, perhaps, a part of his policy in respect to Guatemala, he has conducted affairs with prudence and dignity. The enormous financial difficulties of the country he has made determined efforts to meet, and if his success here has not been as great as was anticipated, it has been perhaps as great as was possible in the nature of the case. The pronounced favor he has always shown towards plans for popular education and religious freedom will be a guarantee against any serious Catholic reaction under his rule. In fact, he has recently taken occasion to declare anew his opposition to the clerical programme, and has been, in consequence, bitterly assailed by some of the organs of the Church. That his election marks a new step in the centralizing tendencies of Mexico is certainly true; yet it may very well be that the best hopes for the future lie in the establishment of a firmer national power, even if it has to be a personal power, which will enforce order, direct and stimulate internal improvements, and work towards the diffusion of education, and so, at last, towards a recovery by the people of their constitutional right to self-government. That President Diaz is moved more by a desire to accomplish something like this for his country than by personal ambition, is a belief which his attitude during his present term certainly warrants.

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WHISKEY.

Col. "Bob" Ingersoll probably never made so great a mistake as that glowing eulogy on whiskey which he wrote about a year ago, and which we here reproduce :

"I send you some of the most wonderful whiskey that ever drove the skeleton from a feast or painted landscapes in the brain of man. It is the mingled souls of wheat and corn. In it you will find the sunshine and shadow that chase each other over the billowy fields, the breath of June, the carol of the lark, the dews of the night, the wealth of summer, and autumn's rich content—all golden with imprisoned light. Drink it, and you will hear the voice of men and maidens singing the 'Harvest Home,' mingled with the laughter of children. Drink it, and you will feel within your blood the star-lit dawns, the dreamy, tawny dusks of many perfect days. For forty years this liquid joy has been within the happy staves of oak, longing to touch the lips of man."

The objection to this is that, after making all due allowance for the exaggerations of poetry, it gives a radically misleading impression as to the social value of even very old whiskey. If whiskey produced the effects which Col. "Bob" ascribes to it, it would undoubtedly be the best gift bestowed by Providence on suffering, toiling humanity. But unfortunately it does not produce these effects on any, or on more than very few at all events. It may possibly cause some to "hear the voice of men and maidens singing the 'Harvest Home,' mingled with the laughter of children." But what the great majority of people hear when they take it in sufficient quantity to be affected by it, is the voice of men swearing at the maidens, and the yells of children under the application of the paternal poker and tongs. In truth, it affects different people in different ways. Some it makes hilarious and others morose. Some can take a good deal without feeling it, while others are upset by a mouthful of it. It was extremely rash of the Colonel to predict to any particular individual what its effect on him would be. Very likely its principal effect on his friend was to make him feel within his blood simply a passionate desire to lie down and go to sleep.

The solemn truth is, that anybody who would now maintain that whiskey is a convivial drink, in any proper sense of the term, would, as Canning remarked of the man who said he liked dry champagne, maintain anything. It obtained its fame as such in ages and countries in which men who drank together did not converse or expect to converse, or to have any pleasure but that of getting very drunk, or, in other words, of losing the ability to walk steadily or talk coherently. In those days, say, the seventeenth and eighteenth centuries, when men met socially, they always fell to drinking, and in Scotland and Ireland the drink was whiskey; but it did nothing for them in a convivial sense except set them to singing songs in the brief interval before they became absolutely silly. In those days, as any one may see in reading Pepys's Diary, whenever two or three men got together over a bottle or a tankard, they did not talk—they sang, or one sang and the others joined in the chorus. The choruses of the old songs, mostly rigmarole, were intended simply to enable the whole company to take a hand in the entertainment. For this purpose of starting the singing, whiskey was perhaps as good as anything. But, for social purposes in an age when men meet to talk, and have lost the art of singing convivial songs, all spirituous liquors are well-nigh worthless. They steal the senses and paralyze the tongue too rapidly. Few can drink whiskey for half an hour, even in the smallest sips, without becoming more or less incoherent, if not noisy and quarrelsome.

In a period when men converse when they meet, and have topics of conversation furnished them in great abundance by the newspapers, what is wanted is a liquor that will exhilarate only slightly, and which is only intoxicating when taken in great quantities, and the effects of which pass off rapidly. This is furnished by most kinds of wine or beer. People can "sit over" wine or beer for hours, and get just enough stimulation from it to loosen their tongues, without any fear of a disturbance or disorder or sickness. Whiskey-drinking in the same manner and during the same period would probably produce very disgusting scenes, and break the party up in a row, and send them home as nuisances or terrors to their wives and children.

For this reason the failure of the vine in France and some other countries of continental Europe, and the substitution of whiskey and various forms of brandy for wine, as popular beverages, must be regarded as one of the greatest misfortunes which have overtaken the modern world. We have several times given in these columns some account of the alarm it is exciting in France and Switzerland, and of the energetic measures which have been proposed to check the spread of what is called "alcoholism"—that is, of the passion among the masses of the people for drinks containing 50 or 60 per cent. of alcohol, instead of 6 or 7 per cent. At this moment, both the statesmen and scientists of continental Europe are really at their wits' ends to devise means of saving the health and morals of the population from what we may call the ravages of all distillations from barley, rye, corn, potatoes, beet-roots, or, in other words, what we may generically call whiskey. They do not want to have "landscapes" painted in the brains of the population, especially when the landscapes are generally filled with snakes and demons and all manner of vermin.

The United States has had this experience already, and has certainly profited by it. It once had cheap whiskey, and we know what the result was. The *Chicago Tribune* described it thus the other day:

"Wipe out the internal revenue altogether, what would be the result then? Down would go whiskey to 25 cents a gallon, and by retail to 3 cents a glass, as it was in ante-war days, when the best Monongahela whiskey could be had for 5 cents a swig, and common whiskey for 3 cents; and all the evils of those days would be let loose again with redoubled force, because money with which to buy liquor is so much more plentiful now. There are plenty of men living who can remember the 25-cents a-gallon whiskey days. They can remember how the farmers came to the towns, some with jugs, some with kegs, and some with barrels. Some would give excuses that they were afflicted with all the diseases to which flesh is heir, and which could only be cured by whiskey. They had malaria, and might have snake-bites to cure. Their drinking water was so poor they could not use it without mixing whiskey with it. Never were farmers in such an unhealthy and moribund condition as in those days. They could not get through harvesting, threshing, ploughing, corn-husking, or log-rolling without it. It was as necessary to the hay-mowing and the harvest as the scythe or the sickle. The whiskey-jug on such occasions was as common in the West as the rum-jug in New England, when every one, from the deacon to the farm hand, had his wet rations. In those days of cheap whiskey there were ten drunkards to one now. Delirium tremens was a common disease; now it is rare. Then every one filled up with whiskey or rum. It was one of the staffs of life in every house."

The Providence *Journal*, discoursing recently on the same subject, said :

"For nearly half-a-century prior to the outbreak of the last war the Government imposed no specific tax on whiskey, and exercised no direct supervision over its production. It was an era of 'free whiskey,' and what was the result? The average market price was twenty-four cents a gallon, and it could be bought by the drink in saloons at three cents a glass. The effect was seen in the pitiable inebriety prevalent in all classes of the community—an evil that was so exceedingly common that the early temperance reformers had great difficulty in making people believe it was an evil at all. In the country districts, especially, where now is the stronghold of temperance, drunkenness was almost universal. Whiskey was one of the chief articles of barter at all the cross-road stores; the whiskey jug was a conspicuous figure in every farmer's market-wagon; and even the women and children were habitual whiskey-drinkers. It is not beyond the memory of men now living when in the country towns it was no more uncommon to meet a tipsy clergyman than to see a woman or half-grown boy staggering under an overload of spirits, or a farm-hand lying 'blind drunk' by the roadside. The Rev. John Marsh, in his 'Temperance Recollections,' describes his flock in Haddam, Conn., a typical New England community, as 'a stanch, well-informed but plain people, whose labors were in ship-yards, coasting, fishing, quarrying, and farming; labors in which ardent spirits were a daily ration at eleven and four as regularly as food was provided at other hours. A pitcher of water, as a part of table furniture, was unknown. No one, not even the most delicate female, used it.'"

We do not care what any one's views about temperance or total abstinence may be; every man who values either law or order, or rational conviviality, must hate whiskey, or must desire, if he cannot banish it from the land altogether, to see it made hard to procure. There is no greater delusion than to suppose that a glass of whiskey can be considered the "social glass," or that real conviviality—that is, the free interchange of ideas, or jokes, or songs, or quips or cranks of any description—is promoted thereby. On the contrary, it is a highly anti-social drink. It rapidly produces either stupor or extreme irritability, and is, indeed, especially adapted to the needs of the solitary drinker. It never tastes so well as in the private jug of the lonely toper. It is a liquor which is probably only drunk in ninety-nine cases out of a hundred by men who wish from the bottom of their hearts they could give it up, and find that it fills their blood not with the "tawny dusks of perfect days," but with awful forebodings of domestic and professional ruin.

GEN. HARRISON'S RECORD.

The Indianapolis *News*, an intelligent and independent journal, occupies the anomalous position of supporting the Republican can-

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didate for President and opposing the Republican platform and the election of Congressmen who stand upon that platform. This seems to us a case of extraordinary stultification, for the election of Gen. Harrison would obviously nullify the work which the *News* hopes for from the tariff-reform Congressmen, inasmuch as he would be bound by the platform upon which he stands to veto a bill such as tariff reformers would send him. We hailed Gen. Harrison's nomination as "a very respectable one," and a happy escape from the threatened renomination of a personally unworthy and unfit candidate. At the same time we pointed out that his personality would cut but a small figure in the canvass, and that the selection of such a man "leaves the field open for the freest discussion of the principles which divide the American people." We must confess, however, that Gen. Harrison's record in the Senate proves, upon examination, to be far less creditable to him than we had supposed, and that his position upon certain great issues was so indefensible that we could not support him, even if he stood upon a decent tariff platform. First among these issues we rank that of centralization. We hold stoutly to that view of the relations of the States to the Federal Government which was held by the Republican party of Abraham Lincoln's day; and we believe with Gen. Hawley, one of the few Republicans in Congress who still maintain the ancient doctrine of the party, that the "tendency towards a consolidation of the entire powers of Government," as illustrated in the bill for Federal interference in education in the States, "is one of the strongest to-day, and one of those most dangerous to the Republican experiment as our fathers understood it." Gen. Harrison holds the opposite view—a view which runs directly counter to the Constitution as interpreted by the Supreme Court, and which would sanction an entire revolution in the relations between the States and the general Government. His support of the Blair bill, given, as the *Congressional Record* shows, after careful deliberation and with full knowledge of what it implied, proves him a believer in centralization in its most dangerous form.

Gen. Harrison's pension record shows that he is not a safe man to trust with executive power at a time when the Treasury needs protection from the raids of the claim agents and camp followers. He voted for the Dependent Pension Bill, which President Cleveland vetoed, with the approval of the country, in February, 1887—a bill which even so partisan a Republican journal as the Cincinnati *Commercial Gazette* was constrained to admit "opened the door for vast abuses." Moreover, he introduced a great number of private pension bills, several of which were so very bad that Mr. Cleveland had to veto them, one of the proposed beneficiaries having been a man who had deserted. Furthermore, he would be bound to approve any pension grab like the revival of the arrears job, involving the payment of hundreds of millions, which would surely pass Congress if the Republicans controlled both branches, the party being already committed to it. Gen. Harrison's position regarding the pension question should cost him the support of independent voters.

The Republican candidate has shown himself a man who favors the most reckless extravagance. The St. Paul *Pioneer-Press*, a Republican paper of standing, was quite within bounds the other day when it called the Hennepin Canal scheme "the most gigantic and unequalled piece of jobbery" ever contained in a river and harbor bill, and described it as an "attempt to commit the National Government to the construction of a stupendous system of sewerage for Chicago." Senator Ingalls of Kansas once described it (July 10, 1886) as a scheme "to commit the Government to the expenditure of between $10,000,000 and $25,000,000 to lift the commerce of the Northwest step by step up a gigantic water stairway of 208 feet up to the Mississippi River, and then let it down again step by step, and up again 140 feet more to Chicago." Nor is the scheme bad alone in itself; it would inevitably prove the forerunner of many other equally tremendous jobs. Congressman Browne, the oldest and ablest Republican Representative from Indiana, who has always earnestly opposed the project, argued against it on one occasion (July 20, 1886) with great force upon this broad ground: "Rich as this nation is, great as are its revenues and its sources of wealth, you are entering upon a system which, if not arrested, may bankrupt this magnificent republic of ours." Gen. Harrison voted for this "most gigantic and unequalled piece of jobbery"; and, what is worse for him, he did it with his eyes open, for he once delivered a speech in favor of it in the Senate (July 8, 1882). A Senator who endorsed the Hennepin Canal scheme, by that very act showed himself unfit to be President.

All that has come to light about Gen. Harrison's private character since his nomination strengthens the impression that he is an estimable person, and does not live in constant apprehension of somebody's printing letters which he had directed to be burned because they would expose his dishonesty. This is a great gain over the situation four years ago. But it necessarily eliminates the personality of the candidate from the canvass, and leaves him to stand before the people upon his party's platform and his own record in the Senate. The former alone should condemn him, but if it were not sufficient, the latter is fatal to him. The advocate of centralization, the defender of reckless pension schemes, the friend of Hennepin Canal jobs, is not a safe man to be President.

PUBLICITY.

THE value of the proceedings before the Fassett Committee can hardly be overestimated. The work which these legislative investigations have done for the cause of good government and political morality during the last few years has been very great. The effects of the Sharp investigation, for instance, will undoubtedly be felt in municipal affairs for many years. It brought a whole band of criminals to justice, or drove them out of the country, or checked their activity, and, what was better than all, revived public faith in the possibility of enforcing the Penal Code against corruptionists. It was, in fact, on the general disbelief in the possibility of obtaining convictions for bribery that men like Sharp flourished and grew rich. Very likely they will before long again grow bold and resume their trade; but they will not in our time be as bold as they were, or make as much money as they used to make. The press might have denounced them for a hundred years without making as much impression on them as was made by one hour of examination under oath.

The investigation of the Custom-house affairs by the Senate Committee was also very fruitful. Without it, Assistant-Secretary Maynard's flat denials would have stood unimpeached, and apparently unimpeachable, and he would have lived on as a martyr of newspaper malignity and slander. But the minute the subpœna was applied to his case, a flood of light about appointments and removals and frauds and "pernicious activity" burst forth and helped purify the political atmosphere. At this moment, too, the aqueduct investigation is giving us illustrations of political manners and morals even among what may be called picked men, which are and will continue to be most wholesome for doctrine, for reproof, and for instruction in righteousness.

It has often been said bitterly of these investigations, by people who do not like to be investigated, that they do not confine themselves to "legal evidence," and that they are conducted under the influence of partisan motives. It is true that the evidence they take is not always legal evidence, but legal evidence would not answer the purpose. No rational man who wishes to inform himself about a person, place, or thing confines himself to legal evidence. He takes human evidence—that is, the evidence on which the human race manages its affairs and shapes its conduct—and mighty good evidence it is. Lawyers do not like it, but it makes the world go round.

Nor is it an objection to these investigating committees that they are animated by partisan motives. Their motives do not hurt their work, except, possibly, by restricting the field of operations. But even when they do restrict the field of operations, they make compensation by driving the plough deeper in the ground which they cover. No politician can be got to make a thorough inquiry into anything from a simple desire to benefit his country or his race. He must be allowed a few earthly aims and low desires in order to get really good work out of him as an investigator. What the public demands is that he shall summon witnesses, produce books and papers, and ask a full line of pertinent questions. If he does this, it matters little how corrupt his motive may be.

Now, what is the fundamental reason why these investigations are so valuable? Simply the fact that they supply publicity about transactions which ought never to have been private. They communicate to the public information the public ought to have pos-

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sessed from the beginning, but which it is the chief aim of a great many men in office to keep from it.

A large proportion of the public officers in this city, we venture to assert, would like the business of their offices to be considered strictly private and a large proportion of their subordinates "confidential" agents; but nothing worse could happen either to them or the service. There is hardly a man in any public office who is not helped and fortified, not only against other people's badness, but against his own, by having the world know what he is about.

Take, for instance, the case of this Aqueduct Commission. Nearly everything of an objectionable or disreputable character which has been revealed in the evidence is the result of secrecy. The Commissioners were expressly directed by the statute to open the bids or proposals "publicly." They evaded this with the connivance or consent of men of Mr. Dowd's standing, by secretly ascertaining beforehand what bids would be made, and what bids they would accept. They took, moreover, every precaution possible to keep from the public all knowledge of the motives which animated them in performing this most important of all their official duties, by failing to keep any minutes or other record of their proceedings. Had these proceedings been public, as they ought to have been, there is little doubt the work would not have been awarded in two huge sections to two firms of contractors, because the flimsiness of the reasons for this arrangement, which is now acknowledged, would have been detected at the outset. The theory that from any point of view it was desirable to give the work out in two large slices would, of course, have never been produced when all concerned knew that the job was immediately to be divided up among a large body of sub-contractors. Nor is it at all likely that Fish would have got up his little scheme of reorganization had he known that the other Commissioners would not give him the shelter of silence, and that he was going to intrude himself into a body of men who were in frank and loyal relations with the people of the city, handling the public money on the table with open books.

BRITISH WAGES.

THE present agitation of the tariff question has given rise to a great demand for statistics bearing upon the various aspects of the subject. It is, however, almost a commonplace that no cause is so poor but that it can find statistics which can be made to appear to support it. The complexity of most statistics is such that a skilful and not too scrupulous advocate can make them tell strange tales. But this is not all, nor the worst; there always remains the connection of cause and effect, which statistics alone cannot enable us to determine. Those who laud our protective system as the corner-stone and the only safeguard of our prosperity and of the welfare of our workingmen, usually consider their task accomplished when they have written down the figures which record our progress during the past generation. This progress has taken place under protection, and they think they are acquitted of the task of showing that protection has been the cause of it. But, fortunately, our own is not the only country which has statistics; and any one who examines the statistics of other countries will soon convince himself of the absurdity of the claim that our indebtedness to the protective system is shown by the evidence of statistics.

There are two classes of facts, especially, which are a dreadful stumbling-block to the protectionist statistician: the superiority of English to Continental wages, and the rise of wages in England during the free-trade era. As to the latter point, we have fortunately very high authority for determining it. On the opening of the fiftieth session of the Statistical Society of London in 1883, its President, the eminent statistician, Mr. Giffen, chose for the subject of his inaugural address "The Progress of the Working Classes in the Last Half-Century." The table which he there presents, though itself showing in a striking way what opportunities such tables offer for intentional perversion, exhibits unmistakably an enormous rise in the wages of British labor. The least increase shown by any occupation in the fifty years is 20 per cent., in nearly every case the increase is more than 50 per cent., and in one case, that of the Bradford weavers, it exceeds 150 per cent. From a table showing so great a diversity in the different occupations, it is difficult to draw an accurate numerical conclusion; what is plain is, that the workingmen of England have made an enormous advance in their rate of wages. Nor is this all. At the same time that his wages have been increased, the English workingman's hours of labor have been diminished, the nine-hour day being now almost universal in England; Mr. Giffen estimates the average reduction of hours at 20 per cent. A French economist, M. Émile Chevallier, in his work on 'Wages in the Nineteenth Century' (Paris. 1887), to which was awarded the prize of the Académie des Sciences Morales et Politiques, sums up the matter in this way (p. 100): "The English workingman has obtained in fifty years an increase of from 50 to 100 per cent. in his money wages, and a diminution of 20 per cent. in the duration of his daily work; he has therefore made an advance in round numbers of from 70 to 120 per cent."

As to the comparison between English and Continental wages, that is a less simple matter; the variations are great in each country, and the classifications of employees vary from one country to another. The fact, however, that there is a vast difference in favor of the English workingman is notorious; it is as unnecessary to prove it by statistics as it is to prove that our own workingmen have better wages than those of Great Britain. As to the exact figures, one can only appreciate the difficulty of arriving at them by taking a glance at the bulky volume published by the United States Bureau of Statistics in 1875, under the title of 'Labor in Europe and America.' No mode of striking an average could lead to a really accurate result; and any result arrived at by one who was illustrating a thesis might be suspected of being more or less influenced by bias. We shall, therefore, quote the figures given by the French economist already cited as being apparently the best attainable, though no special importance should be attached to them: "The United States, then, hold the highest position; wages there are 3½ per cent. higher than in Australia, 84 per cent. higher than in the United Kingdom, 162 per cent. higher than in Germany, and 205 per cent. higher than in France. Great Britain, in its turn, shows a rate of wages higher by 42 per cent. than that of Germany, and by 65 per cent. than that of France."

The statistics we have cited as showing the increase in British wages during the past fifty years are not adduced to show that free trade raises wages. They are merely given in rebuttal of the ever-recurring fallacy that any improvement which has taken place in our own country under the régime of high tariff is to be attributed to that institution. But the contrast between English and Continental wages—which, we repeat, does not rest upon any special statistics, but is matter of common knowledge—this contrast is something more than a mere rebuttal. Not only does it utterly break the force of the position that the superiority of our wages to those of Europe is due to protection, but it constitutes in itself a positive proof that a high rate of wages has its source in something deeper than a system of taxation, and may be maintained by an energetic and favorably situated people in the face of the inferior wages of inferior and less fortunate competitors.

ARGENTINE FINANCES.

THE remarkable material expansion of the Argentine Republic during the last seven years of peace has not entirely escaped notice in our own country, despite our limited commercial relations with the great Power of the Plate Valley. The rapid extension of her railroad systems, the vast sums devoted to other public works, the reclaiming of immense areas of fertile land from the danger of Indian forays, the marvellous quickening both of domestic and foreign trade—of all these things we have heard vaguely, though, at the same time, color has been given to the suspicion that the whole might be an unnatural inflation to be followed by a disastrous collapse. Argentine credit, for example, has all along been comparatively low, inferior to that of Chili or Brazil. A new 5 per cent. loan, negotiated in January, 1887, commanded only 85½ in London. Specie payments had to be suspended early in 1885, and when the two years had elapsed which had been fixed as the limit of the suspension, its term had to be extended, resumption now being promised for the 9th of January, 1889. Meanwhile, the national income had been steadily falling behind expenses, the foreign and domestic debts were each mounting higher and higher,

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so that the remark of the Argentine Minister in Washington, in 1885, that the financial condition of his country was "not quite satisfactory," was as mild a phrase as could well be used under the circumstances.

Still, there were all the while hopeful features. The republic has a splendid record for fidelity to her public obligations. The interest on her national debt has always been punctually met, and one of her Presidents once solemnly asserted, with general approval, that the nation would suffer hunger and thirst rather than fail to pay its debts. At a time of civil war, thirty-one landed proprietors in the Province of Buenos Ayres signed an agreement to pay the interest on the national debt until after the termination of the strife. Then, too, the expensive system of internal improvements was accompanied by a great development of natural resources and enlargement of foreign commerce. A total foreign trade of $83,202,750 in 1877 had swollen to $218,000,000 in 1887. And if the debt had gone on increasing in great leaps, so had the revenue, the national revenue rising from $14,824,096 in 1877 to $59,138,000 in 1887.

In fact, the recent message of President Celman to the Argentine Congress appears to show that the republic is now mistress of the financial situation, certainly that she is now in a more assured position than ever before in her history as an independent Government. For the first time on record the revenue for 1886 had more than covered the outlay, and the President reports that the surplus for 1887 is still larger. At the same time, the public debt has been reduced by more than eight millions of dollars, and the credit of the country so much strengthened that the 5 per cent. bonds issued a year ago at 85½, are now quoted at 97, while the 6 per cent. loan of 1882 now commands from two to five above par. The abolition of export duties, together with the allowance of drawbacks on imported bags, boxes, etc., for the shipment abroad of national products, has greatly stimulated the export trade, which showed an increase in 1887 of $14,600,000, principally in grain, hides, and frozen meats. The returns for the first three months of the current year show a further gain of $4,000,000 in foreign commerce, even over the unprecedented figures of 1887.

Since the date of her independence the Argentine Republic has negotiated twenty different foreign loans, of a total capitalization of $221,438,077. In interest she has paid $55,904,613, and for redemption of maturing bonds $86,212,653. The total amount of the foreign debt on the 31st of March of this year was, according to the message of President Celman, $92,427,000. The domestic debt, at the same date, amounted to $47,000,000. The provinces have besides a foreign debt of $88,219,611, and a domestic debt of about $25,000,000.

The national revenues are derived from import duties, which are fixed, with a few exceptions, at 25 per cent. ad valorem, from stamps, the Post-office, railways, telegraphs, the tax on real estate, and other minor taxes. The per-capita taxation under national laws amounted, in 1886, to $12.42.

The banking and currency of the Argentine Republic have been in an extremely unsettled condition for several years. A resolute attempt to put them upon a better basis was made in the law of November 3, 1887. This was nothing less than the creation of a system of national banks expressly modelled on our own. It made banking practically free, and provided a national currency guaranteed by national bonds bearing 4½ per cent. interest in gold. These bonds are delivered to any banking institution submitting to the required governmental inspection, for 85 per cent. of their par value, and may then be deposited as security for an emission of bills up to the face value of the bonds. President Celman reports the entire success of the new scheme, saying that the circulation of the new national banks already amounts to $88,500,000, and that they bid fair to supply the monetary needs of the country.

THE UNIVERSITY OF BOLOGNA AFTER EIGHT CENTURIES.

BOLOGNA, June 16, 1888.

IN reviewing the festivities which accompanied the celebration of the eighth centennial of the University of Bologna, there are certain moments on which the memory loves to linger; and there are one or two points which suggest less agreeable reflections. To begin with the latter: Although the foreign delegates were theoretically the guests of the University, they were never formally presented to the Academic Senate; nor, except by mere chance, did they have an opportunity of making the personal acquaintance of any of the professors. Many who came to Bologna with a sincere desire of learning something of the workings of an Italian university, and of getting to know some of the many learned men who fill chairs at Bologna and in other Italian universities, went away no wiser than when they came. This omission, which might at first seem disrespect, was due solely to mismanagement and imperfect organization; but as the Rector Capellini, who was mainly responsible for what was as disagreeable to the Italians as to the strangers, has since resigned in consequence of the criticisms on him, nothing more need be said on this subject.

A great contrast to the official management was afforded by the uniform success which attended everything that was either undertaken or carried out by the students, whether their reception of the foreign students, with the white ox, the great cheese, and the big cask of Barbera wine, presented by their comrades of Padua, Pavia, and Turin, or their torchlight and humorous mediæval processions, their burlesque festival, or their celebration in honor of the memory of Galvani. In kindness, in amiability, and in courtesy they were constant, in season and out of season. Their hospitality was unbounded, and many of them will doubtless find it hard work to get through the next year on their scanty means. The poet Guerrini told me that he knew a poor medical student who had given up his only room to two Germans, and had taken meanwhile a bed at the hospital in which he was studying. They were, of course, this being Italy, not unassisted by the richer citizens; and several noble ladies lent their horses and carriages, with coachman and footman in full livery, to help them do honor to their guests. Their tact was such that no disagreeable incident occurred between the French and German deputations, who, indeed, fraternized at first to such an extent as to excite the wrath of certain Parisian newspapers. Their courtesy to all was so great that many a foreign professor found his way smoothed for him by the good offices of the first student he chanced to address.

In a city with the secular musical reputation of Bologna—and, if report speaks truly, it is to a mediæval Bolognese student that we owe the song "Gaudeamus igitur"—music would naturally form part of the programme of any feast. Twice during the official celebration we listened to a cantata written by the poet Panzacchi, and composed and directed by the ambitious young *maestro*, Baron Franchetti. Twice Wagner's opera, Italianized into "Tristano ed Isotta," was given as a gala spectacle. Best of all was a concert of classical and modern music by the celebrated orchestra led by Martucci. Selections from Weber, Beethoven, Rossini, Rubinstein, Tchaikofsky, Brahms, Berlioz, and Wagner were executed with a delicacy and precision which enchanted the severest German and American critics present. Unfortunately, the course of historical concerts and the performances of Mendelssohn's "Elijah" had not yet begun; they are to come later.

A fantastic torchlight procession in honor of royalty made us lament the organized horrors which render so hideous the last nights before a Presidential election. No mazy dance of fireflies along the Arno could be more beautiful. Rows of lights, groups of lights, combined into odd figures and shapes—the Queen's favorite marguerite, the star of Italy, the cross of Savoy, fans, wreaths, and palm-leaves—followed each other for an hour, yet all in order, in rhythm, and with due sequence of color and effect. Yet the materials were simple—light frames of lath or wire on the end of a staff, small glass tumblers filled with some tallow-like composition, and provided with a wick, and bits of white and colored paper pasted round them to protect the lights from the wind. Any clever Italian can, at a slight expense and with a day's labor, illuminate the front of his house more effectively than with any number of flaring gas-jets.

The evening at court differed from other soirées of this kind only in being held in the long galleries of a mediæval building, unused to such gayety since the times of the Cardinal Legates, and in the relaxation of etiquette. Presentations were made without difficulty, and the King, who usually avoids occasions of ceremony, talked as freely and pleasantly with the delegates as did the Queen. The Prince of Naples did his part well, but his youth made him shy and more constrained. The presence of the Queen lent a charm to the place which President de Brosses could never have felt, agreeable as Cardinal Lambertini was, and excellent a Pope as he afterwards became. A surprise was reserved for the end of the evening. Looking out of the windows, we saw the square densely packed with thousands of people; and in the strong electric light every upturned face was visible and distinct. All Bologna was listening to a military serenade, the music of which we had scarcely noticed; and the appearance of the royal party on the balcony, under the outstretched blessing hands of the bronze statue of Pope Gregory XIII., was the signal for an outburst of enthusiastic applause.

So far I have spoken only of the hospitality of the city, of the Government—for there was an excellent dinner offered by the Prefect—and of the Crown. It is time to return to *Bononia Alma Mater Studiorum*. Seldom has there been seen such a picturesque gathering of learn-

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ed men as that which met on the morning of June 12 in the courtyard of the University. Here, under the awning and around the statue of Hercules, the scarlet, blue, and black robes and trencher caps of English and Scotch doctors mingled with the yellow, buff, and brown gowns of French professors, wearing odd-looking mortar bonnets. The Russians, Rumanians, Greeks, and Portuguese were, like most of the Americans, in full evening dress, though many of them wore decorations which added a little color; the Swedes were in embroidered uniforms; the plain, prim-looking black gowns of the Dutch and Belgians contrasted strongly with the heavy robes of red and purple cloth and embroidered satin capes of their neighbors the Germans and Austrians. Of the Hungarians, one wore a violet clerical robe; another, the rich dress and jewelled chain of a Magyar noble. The Spaniards, who came late, were worth waiting to see: they wore long clerical cassocks of black silk, satin capes of brilliant red or of bright blue close up to their ears, fastened under the chin, through which protruded the crosses of their decorations; and on their heads caps shaped like a fez of the same color as their capes, surmounted by thick tassels which fell equally on every side. There was something in them both of the Arab and of the mediæval Catholic; and as they stood in the middle, with their finely cut features, they seemed to have descended from the frame of some old picture. Nor was the gathering less interesting than picturesque. Here were Jebb, Muir, and Gaston Boissier; here were Lowell and Story and Ramsay; further on were Gaston Paris and Veselofsky talking folk-lore with Crane and Meyer; in another corner stood Erskine Holland with Asser, Bar, and other noted jurists, while Holtzendorff was overheard in his inquiries about the effect of a recent statute of Pennsylvania. Unfortunately, even here there was no chance of meeting the Italian professors, for they assembled in another part of the building.

Finally, the signal was given, and the learned procession started for the Archiginnasio, which had been the seat of the University until it was removed to its present quarters by Napoleon. The march began with the Italian students, whose sole remnant of academic customs consisted in their little berettas made for the occasion according to ancient style, white, green, blue, or red, to denote the Faculty to which they belonged. Then came the foreign students—the English in gowns, the Germans and Austrians with their ribbons and their sabres, their jack-boots and their absurd little muffin-shaped caps or their spreading plumes. The Hungarians wore their native costume, almost too rich for such an occasion, for one youth was in a white satin doublet covered with rich jewels. Next followed the professors of other Italian universities; then the foreign delegates, the Americans walking first; and finally the professors of Bologna in their black togas, over which they wore hoods of the color of their faculty, arranged in a peculiar manner so that the color showed chiefly in front—some with ermine tippets, and all with lace bands the quality of which is left to the personal discretion of the wearer.

Never before have I walked through such crowded streets—at least not so much at my ease; and certainly never had I passed through streets where every window and every balcony was decorated with squares of old damask and brocades, feeling that this was done, in part at least, in my honor. On we went past the palace, where the King and Queen bowed to us from the balcony; through the Via Farini, where sprigs of oak and laurel were rained upon us from the upper windows; into the Piazza Galvani, where the students received us between two lines, waving their caps and sabres and shouting *Evviva l'America!* and saluting every other country in succession, until we were seated in the beautifully decorated court of the Archiginnasio.

The place was an historical one. Behind the throne was the pretty little chapel, the pictures in which look so fresh and untouched because it was used only for hearing confessions and giving the sacrament to students, as preliminary to their taking their degrees. Above that is the Anatomical Theatre, wainscoted in carved cedar, where Galvani demonstrated his discovery of animal magnetism. The walls and vaults are covered with the arms and names of old students in fresco or stucco—among them the name of Erasmus. Every country and nearly every large town in Europe is recorded here; for centuries Bologna was preëminently the great international university, and when a youth showed a desire for the higher learning, his father used to give him a horse and a purse, and say, "Go to Paris or Bologna."

After the King and Queen had entered and had been received by the professors, Franchetti's cantata was sung; the Rector made a short speech; the Minister of Public Instruction, Boselli, a longer one, but eloquent and well delivered; and the poet Carducci mounted the pulpit. *Conticuere omnes.* He discoursed on the origin and significance of the University of Bologna; but to this I shall recur. The representatives of foreign universities presented their addresses of congratulation on illuminated parchment scrolls, in cases of varied design and workmanship, to such a number that the light blue basket, embroidered with marguerites, overflowed upon the steps of the throne even to the feet of the Queen. The leaders of the deputations made brief addresses, among which that of Mr. W. W. Story was one of the most felicitous, accentuating the fact that America as a civilized country was but half as old as the University of Bologna, and that to Italy we owed both our discovery and our name. After a Latin welcome by Professor Gandino, of studied and impressive oratory, the ceremony came to an end, having lasted in all about five hours.

The next day, in the same place, and with the same brilliant surroundings, we witnessed the ceremony of conferring the honorary degrees on eminent foreigners. In all, 104 doctorates were given, of Philology (*i. e.*, Arts and Letters), of Mathematics or Science, of Law, and of Medicine. Of these America received but four, one in each faculty, only one-fourth of what were given both to England and to France. Over fifty degrees were divided between Germany and Austria, chiefly for medicine and the sciences. If this meant anything else than the personal proclivities of the Rector, Capellini, himself an eminent geologist, it would seem to show the high opinion which Italy has of German science and scientific methods. The American doctors are Mr. James Russell Lowell in Letters, Mr. David Dudley Field in Law, Mr. Alexander Agassiz in Science, and Dr. Weir Mitchell in Medicine. As the names of the laureates were called out, each man who was present walked to the foot of the platform, bowed to the sovereigns, had the great doctoral ring passed on and off his right forefinger, and received the congratulations of the Rector, together with his illuminated diploma, from which hung enclosed in a silver case the great wax impression of the University seal. Those whose names were best known were received with loud and long applause. Doubtless, in my own case, a tolerably familiar knowledge of Bologna itself—where I always found pleasure in spending a week at a time—acquaintances in the Italian society, and the meeting with old friends, added to the pleasure derived from the festivities themselves, which, owing to the hereditary Italian talent for improvisation, were far finer than the most hopeful expected during the confusion that marred their beginning. Two evenings not set down in the programme have left especially agreeable memories. One was passed with Jebb, Knight, Ramsay, Sir Herbert Oakley, Conway, and other English and American delegates, when the indignation of those who were, for the moment, shelterless or discontented gave way over a mug of German beer, which is rapidly usurping the place of wine in north Italian towns; the other was spent in the *birraria* Hoffmeister with Mr. Story and Guerrini, the University Librarian, who made the establishment famous, and who is better known by his poetical pseudonym of Stecchetti.

The most striking part of all the official ceremonies, apart from the splendor of the pageant, was, to many, the discourse of the poet Carducci. It was not only the matter of it, but the manner in which it was delivered. Carducci has immense influence in Italy, not only as the regenerator of Italian poetry, but as a man independent and fearless in proclaiming his beliefs and convictions. A republican and democrat by principle, he is a supporter and admirer of the House of Savoy; an innovator in rhythm and metre, he is strongly imbued with classical feeling, and throughout his professional career has devoted himself to illustrating the glories of Italian literature. He does not allow his politics or his religious views to interfere with his critical appreciations, and lately he refused the first literary honor in Italy, the professorship of Dante exegesis at Rome, lest by accepting it he should seem to favor erroneous ideas as to Dante's work. Every line that he writes, whether of verse or of prose, is eagerly read, and nowhere is he more popular than at Bologna, where he is now the crown and glory both of the University and of the town. When he mounted the tribune, nervous and excited by the scene, the audience, and the presence of royalty, he could hardly restrain his impatience at the outbursts of applause which greeted him. But at the first word all became silent. Similar outbreaks interrupted him after the most telling passages, when, trembling with impatience and excitement, he would throw his head back until his black curly hair and grizzly beard became golden in the strong sunbeam which fell on him through a rift of the awning, and each drop of perspiration shone like a diamond. If the comparison may be excused, he looked like a splendid dog tossing his head and shaking the water from him on coming out of the sea. Then he would seize a twig of oak which had been thrown to him in the procession, and would command silence with an imperious gesture, which no one dared disobey.

Carducci said just enough to impress upon us why Bologna, besides being the oldest, was the most important university of the world. The study of the Roman Law had been transferred from Rome to Ravenna, where the lamp of learning burned with but a flickering light. When, eight hundred years ago, the law books were brought to Bologna, Pepo and Irnerius studied them in a new spirit, and developed from the codes of Justinian those principles which were thereafter to be the bases of legality, of organized government, of freedom, and of civilization. The University of Bologna formed the model for others in Europe, and the statutes of two at least in the extreme north,

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those of Upsala and Glasgow, are mere copies of the statutes of Bologna:

"The constitution was democratic. The fervor of liberty which warmed the Italian city had, it seems, invaded also those beyond the mountains. These Franks, these Germans, these Bohemians and Poles, coming from their feudal castles, their abbeys, and their lordly chapters, learned to subject themselves to civil order, felt the advantage of living in common, and got to desire equality. After strange journeys by sea and over the Alps, students of all Europe meeting here found again their native countries in the 'nations' which constituted the University; had their State in the University; and, in the common use of the Latin tongue, aspired to that higher unity, that civil brotherhood of peoples for good, which Rome had sent out with its law, which the Gospel had proclaimed in spiritual things, which the civilization of to-day wishes with reason. O Italy! O my country! in the torments of slavery it was pleasing to think of thee in the act of sending from the seven hills the flight of victorious eagles over all nations; but perhaps thou wert more humanely fair when, to those same nations that had oppressed thee, thou didst rise, and open with the tongue of the ancient Empire the sources of the new civilization, and, freeing them from the yoke of barbarism, didst persuade them of the glory of making themselves again Roman."

But let us not delay over the Diet of Roncaglia, the Four Doctors, the Gloss writers, Accorso, Odofredo, and the Theorists, or even Rolandino Passaggerio, whose tomb, high in air in front of St. Dominic's Church, has been covered in these days with laurel leaves by the hand of grateful votaries. Let us pass over the flourishing period of Provençal poetry at Bologna; the ancient and even the modern school of Italian poetry; Petrarch, Dante, and his earliest commentators; Erasmus, Jerome Cardan, and Copernicus; Galileo as an unsuccessful candidate for a professorship; Galvani; the famous women who taught here—let us come to the augury which Cærducci draws for the future:

"We commemorate," he says, "to-day, with the origin of the University of Bologna, the first uprising of the Italian people. . . . 'All roads lead to Rome' is a proverb common to the Latin peoples, and for Italy is history as well as poetry, and the continual sigh of her eternal soul. Italy, mindful and grateful that her fair fame grew with Rome—Italy has always and by every road desired to go to Rome; in the Middle Ages with Law, in the Renaissance with Art, in our times with Politics. She desired to return to Rome, to which, thanks to independence protected and liberty guaranteed by union, she had given the force of her arms and the vigor of her thoughts; to Rome, forgetful of her and of the ancient pact in the cosmopolitanism of imperial despotism and pontifical theocracy. A man, a great man of our fathers, felt more than all others this historical necessity for Italy; in that lofty, austere intellect, in that heart of Italian hearts, the idea of the Gracchi became modern. Giuseppe Mazzini, more than any one else, had the sublime, the radiant, the resplendent vision of the third Rome—not aristocratic, not imperial, not pontifical, but Italian. And from the underground vaults of conspirators, from schools and public squares, from prisons and scaffolds, from fields of battle, from the Parliament, from the Palace, Italy, with the heads of her martyrs, with the books of philosophers and songs of poets, with the essays of diplomacy, with the sword of the Revolution, with the artillery of the King, was so obstinate in knocking at the gates of Rome that she at last reached the Quirinal and the Capitol. Of such worth was a sanctity of daring and devotion incredible in any other history: a monarchical republican, a revolutionary monarch, an obedient dictator—Victor Emmanuel conspiring to the same end with Giuseppe Mazzini and Giuseppe Garibaldi. Whence is it that to-day Bologna, on the 29th anniversary of the 12th of June, 1859, when she saw foreign lordship driven away for the last time and for ever, salutes and acclaims in its republican piazza, between the Palace of the Podestà, where she held prisoner the conquered Alemannic King, and the Church of San Petronio, which she raised in memory of the overthrow of the domestic tyranny of the Visconti, salutes and acclaims a splendid work of art not inferior to the antique, a solemn monument of love of country superior to the antique—the statue of King Victor Emmanuel fighting for the liberty of Italy? Whence is it that to-day the glorious Superga, next to the tomb of the saddest of the Kings of Savoy, waits in vain for the greatest King not only of Savoy, but of our age, the King who was invoked and saluted as the liberator of the Italian people? When Victor had brought his eagle to the fatal hill whence Romulus had looked for auspices for the foundation of the city, Rome, receiving in her divine embrace at his death the King of the Alps, placed him in the temple of all the antique gods of the Fatherland. King of Italy and of Rome. No piety or impiety of man shall ever remove Vittorio from the Pantheon, nor shall any malignity or violence of things lower that flag which from the shame of the gallows has risen to the light of the Capitol. You, Sire, faithful asserter of eight centuries of Italian history; you, august interpreter and maintainer of the wish of the whole Italian people; you, with words that sound high before the world; O, King! you have said 'Rome is an unassailable conquest.' Yes, O, King! an unassailable conquest of the Italian people for itself and for the liberty of all."

EUGENE SCHUYLER.

THE LAST OF ANCIENT FRANCE.—II.

PARIS, June 27, 1888.

THE effect produced by the battle of Fontenoy was very great in Europe; it was a resurrection of the France of the time of Louis XIV. Voltaire improvised in a few days a "Poem of Fontenoy," in which he attempted to name all those who had played a part in the terrible struggle (in 300 verses you will find as many as 57 names). Politically, the battle had not the great consequences which it ought to have had. The great question was this: Was France going to maintain the alliance with Frederick and her influence in Germany? All the effort of Louis XV. had been spent in Flanders; the army of the Prince de Conti, which operated across the Rhine, had been, so to speak, abandoned. While Louis XV. was entering the Low Countries, Prince Charles of Lorraine was entering Silesia. Frederick learned the issue of the battle of Fontenoy at Breslau, where he had concentrated all his troops. He had criticised with his usual irony the French expedition to the Low Countries; he would have preferred the smallest advantage obtained by the Prince of Conti in Germany to the French conquest of Flanders. He opened his heart to Podewils; he was fond of saying that the French were degenerate sons of their ancestors of the seventeenth century. He was rather alarmed on finding that Louis XV. was not quite the man he thought him to be; he was afraid that France would become very intractable. Speaking to Valori, the French Minister, in his tent, he told him that he was charmed with the French victory, but that it was of no use to him:

"I have no fewer enemies on my hands, and the Queen of Hungary does not consider this event as being very detrimental to her. . . . Believe me, there is but one way to reduce her to her senses: it is, to give the Prince of Conti the means of beating. . . . If he were marching on Eger, what good would it not do! Saxony would change her attitude, Hanover would tremble. . . . If you recrossed the Rhine, I should have reason to think myself abandoned, and I might succumb, whatever efforts I might make. . . . I see what it is: you are afraid, my dear friends, to enter into the German oven."

Frederick saw well his danger; what he prophesied happened, but he had first entrapped the Austrians in Silesia. "You cannot get mice," said he to Valori, "without opening the mouse-trap; if I beat the Austrians, I will follow up my victory." He did beat them at Hohenfriedberg, and he wrote at once to Louis XV.: "My armies have obtained a victory over the Austrians and the Saxons; your Majesty will see that I have not been long in following his example; now is the turn of the Prince de Conti."

Though he had promised to follow up his victory, Frederick tarried in the neighborhood of Königgrätz in Bohemia for six weeks, waiting to see what the Prince de Conti would do. Conti remained inactive; D'Argenson did not wish to interfere with Germany during the imperial election, which was to take place at Frankfort. Frederick hesitated long before cutting the last thread of the French alliance. Conti soon had the mortification of seeing two Austrian corps d'armée concentrating before Frankfort, and, fearing to have his line of retreat cut, he crossed the Rhine and abandoned Germany. Frankfort was opened to Austria, and it became evident that the imperial crown would be placed on the head of Maria Theresa.

This was too much for Frederick, and he resolved to expect nothing more from the French ministers and generals; he knew how to act rapidly, and to enter the Saxon territory in arms. "The more vigor we show," said he to the timid Podewils, "the more Hanover will feel the need she has of me, and the more will she be obliged to make efforts to obtain a peace." Podewils held up to him the interference of Russia. "Saxony," replied Frederick, "will be *cuite* (cooked) when they learn at St. Petersburg that war has begun. . . . Be sure that this blow will give us peace." The Duc de Broglie says, in speaking of this sudden resolution: "Once his resolution taken, this marvellous genius straightway found the calm and perspicacity which seemed to fail him often in the worry of deliberations." Frederick immediately made proposals to England; he asked merely for the preservation of Silesia, under the triple guarantee of England, the United Provinces, and the Empire; and, while he sent this ultimatum, he waited with his army at the door of Saxony. This proposal greatly embarrassed the Hanoverian George; he was not an absolute King, he had to count with his English ministers and with English public opinion. The pride of England had been greatly touched by the French invasion of Flanders and by the battle of Fontenoy; the ministers of George represented to him that it was impossible not to pay attention to the overtures of the King of Prussia, and not to intercede with Maria Theresa for the pacification of Germany. The triumphs of Marshal Saxe on the Scheldt and on the Meuse became the best arguments of Frederick. After Tournay, Bruges had fallen before the French arms; then Ghent, Oudenarde, Dendermonde, Ostend, and Nieuwport. England felt really alarmed, and the news from Flanders was awaited with the greatest anxiety. It was said that Louis XV. meditated an invasion of England. Belle-Isle, the prisoner of Windsor, appeared to the popular imagination as a spy. Horace Walpole, in two letters addressed to Horace Mann (July 26 and August 1, 1765), makes himself the echo of these groundless fears: "Marshal Belle-Isle said a few days ago that he thought us incapable of defending ourselves, and that, with five thousand French soldiers, he would undertake to conquer England; and this is the time chosen to set him free." Nothing in the correspondence of Belle-Isle justifies the report of Walpole.

By a strange coincidence, on the day when Belle-Isle left Dover for France, the young Stuart was arriving in Scotland, almost alone. Nobody could believe that the son of the Pretender would do such a bold thing if he had not behind him a French squadron. The peo-

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ple of England did not know that D'Argenson had turned a deaf ear to all the solicitations of the Pretender. In the manifesto of Charles Edward, George was represented as considering England as a mere conquest, and as living chiefly in Hanover, and spending in his electorate all the wealth derived from India and the New World. George was so angry with the manifesto that he tore his wig and his lace ruffles. He was obliged to return to England, and to reconcile himself with Prussia, as he could not abandon his electorate to his dangerous neighbor.

The pacification of Germany required not only the reconciliation of Hanover and Prussia, it required also the consent of Maria Theresa and her final abandonment of Silesia. The English Ambassador, Sir Thomas Robinson, announced with fear and trembling to the proud Queen of Hungary the change which had taken place in the feelings and the resolutions of England; and when Charles Edward, having rallied an army round him, marched on Edinburgh, England hastened to conclude with Frederick's envoy a convention which reëstablished the treaty of Breslau, and which left Silesia to Frederick and Bohemia to Maria Theresa. In this convention, England stipulated for her allies. She promised a cessation of hostilities in Germany and a mutual guarantee of the territories of the contending parties, and on these conditions Frederick was to give his vote to the Grand Duke in the imperial election.

This diplomatic act was conceived outside of all the usual rules, but it was dictated by an imperious necessity. England had no more consulted Austria than Frederick had consulted France. Frederick had resolved to act independently of Louis XV. so soon as Conti's army had crossed the Rhine. In a letter which he prepared for the King of France, he said: "Your Majesty has not served the interests of his allies in Germany, so he has lost them one after another. I am mortified at what is going to happen, but I have my conscience clear, for, after all, my first duty is the preservation of my State. I feel that your Majesty will find these truths hard, but they must be told, and princes, however great they may be, must get accustomed to the truth." The secretary who received this piece, with order to copy, was so frightened by it that he sent it to Podewils, and, on second thought, Frederick consented to change it, and he replaced it by another, very different in tone, much more ironical than serious. "What I can tell your Majesty seems very little in comparison with what is going on in Flanders. . . . In so fine a picture there is only one spot which disfigures a part of it. I speak of the retreat of the Prince de Conti; he puts the crown on the head of the Grand Duke and places the allies of your Majesty in a violent and dangerous condition. For the present, the evil is without a remedy, and I take the election of the Grand Duke to be certain."

The irony was felt, and Louis XV. made no answer. The Duc de Broglie admits very extenuating circumstances for what the French historians have sometimes called the treason of Frederick. He condemns the weakness of the French Cabinet and the stupidity of D'Argenson, who did not know how to use his liberty and to treat with Maria Theresa. D'Argenson remained faithful in principle to the Prussian alliance, though he did nothing for Frederick; he had a great repugnance to the Austrian alliance; he lost one ally and would not find another.

Maria Theresa learned at the same moment of the election of her husband, the Grand-Duke, as Emperor, under the name of Francis I., and of the Hanover convention, which had been signed by England and Frederick. Her first feeling was one of great irritation, and she proposed to Louis XV., by the intermediary of the French ministers in Saxony and in Bavaria, to treat with her. She positively refused to adhere to the convention with Hanover. The negotiation with France had no result, chiefly on account of the ill-will of D'Argenson, who could not detach himself from the Prussian alliance even when Prussia had ceased to be an ally. Maria Theresa obstinately refused, notwithstanding the entreaties of the English Government, to treat with Prussia, and, with her usual boldness, she resolved, in concert with Saxony, to attack in a winter campaign the hereditary provinces of Frederick. She concentrated an army on the frontier of Saxony. She negotiated with Russia, who promised to help her with a timely intervention.

Frederick was informed of this plan by an indiscretion of Count Brühl, the Saxon Minister. He lost no time, placed an army of observation at Halle, and watched himself, on the frontier of Silesia and of Lusatia, the army of Prince Charles of Lorraine. The military operations were very ill-conducted on the Austrian side; as soon as Prince Charles moved he was attacked, and he immediately retreated. Frederick promptly ordered the army which was at Halle, under Prince Anhalt, to march on Leipzig and Dresden, and to treat the Saxons as enemies. Meanwhile, he sent a message to Augustus III., and offered him peace on condition of adhering to the Hanover convention. Augustus fled from Dresden and left for Prague, abandoning Saxony. Anhalt arrived before Dresden and gained a victory under its walls. Frederick entered the capital of Saxony and dictated the terms of peace, not only to the unfortunate Augustus, but also, it may be said, to Maria Theresa. She at last felt that she could no longer struggle. Frederick claimed nothing but the conditions of the treaty of Breslau, where he made a triumphant entry. His Saxon campaign won for him the admiration of all Europe. Maurice de Saxe, the conqueror of Fontenoy, wrote to him: "I cannot help, as a Saxon, sympathizing with the sufferings of Saxony; but my admiration for what took place there passes all expression. The learned and judicious manœuvres of your Majesty offer a vast subject for meditation. I cannot sufficiently admire them, and, since Alexander and Cæsar, I know nothing so great or so striking." Coming from such a man, these words were not idle expressions of adulation; the campaign of Frederick in Saxony deserved afterwards the study and the praise of Napoleon I.

Correspondence.

THE NATIONAL WEALTH.

TO THE EDITOR OF THE NATION:

SIR: I have before me a paper entitled 'Wealth of the Republic,' by Chas. S. Hill, read before the American Association for the Advancement of Science. In it I note a rather caustic criticism of the census estimate of the national wealth, as published in the volume on Valuation, Debt, and Taxation. Mr. Hill objects to it on the three following grounds: (1) That it does not agree with certain official State figures; (2) that several important industries are not given; and (3) "that the figures of items as specified in different parts of the census do not harmonize."

On the first count little defence can be made. The public must choose between the results of the Federal census, with its resources for information, and those figures given out under State authority. On the second count the defence is more complete. The omissions in the census estimate are presumably supplied by Mr. Hill in his own estimate of our national wealth, which he itemizes as follows:

	Millions of dollars
Real estate, urban property	15,000
Farms, assessed value	10,000
Personal property	6,000
Manufactures	8,000
Railroads	7,500
Stock and farm implements	4,000
Minerals	800
Banking	700
Insurance, life assets	400
Insurance, fire assets	200
Canals	170
Shipping	150
Forest	100
Telegraphs	100
Sundries, floating investments, etc.	2,000
Public property	5,000
	58,120 (*sic*)
From which deduct the national debt	1,700
	56,920 (*sic*)

It appears from a comparison of this table with a similar one accompanying the census estimate, that banking, life and fire insurance, and floating investments were omitted in the latter. Mr. Hill must know that these consist of real estate, mortgages, notes, and specie. The first item he has already included. The second and third have no value from a national standpoint. Specie is included in the census estimate.

The third count is as easily disposed of. Mr. Hill instances in a footnote the fact that the value of real estate, as given in the census estimate of true valuation, is largely in excess of the *assessed* value, as given elsewhere in the census report. He ignores the fact that the assessed valuation is everywhere so specified distinctly. Is it possible that he is not aware that the assessed and true values are seldom the same, and that the latter is usually greatly in excess of the former? Again, he finds a discrepancy between the value of personal property as returned by the assessors and the item of household goods, etc., in the estimate of wealth. It is not surprising that he does. They bear no relation to one another.

Concluding, I would recommend that Mr. Hill read with care the paper on the true valuation of the United States in the census report. He will learn that the national wealth consists entirely of tangible articles, excepting perhaps franchises, good will, and credit, the value of which cannot be estimated. He will learn that paper obligations do not add to the nation's wealth, any more than a note drawn by himself in his own favor increases his assets. He will learn that the national debt, so far as it is held by our own citizens, does not reduce the national wealth, and should not be deducted from it. And possibly he may discover that the estimate of wealth therein presented was made with some care, and not without intelligence.—Very respectfully, HENRY GANNETT.

U. S. GEOLOGICAL SURVEY,
WASHINGTON, D. C., July 10, 1888.

BEGGING ARTS OF A FAMILY PAPER.

TO THE EDITOR OF THE NATION:

SIR: Some of your readers may perhaps be surprised to learn that your interesting account of the manual of instructions for the use of beggars, with which the members of that fraternity can supply themselves in France, is not without a parallel in our own country, which, though somewhat different in purport, affords equally convincing evidence that "the business of begging has been reduced to an art," and that the means are not wanting for the education of sneaks.

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The "instructions" have not indeed been *publicly* issued with us; but for that reason it is all the more important to warn the public against the wiles that are practised to conjure money from their pockets. I venture, therefore, to send you a literal copy of a document of which I accidentally became possessed, issued to their solicitors by the proprietors of a "family paper" in one of our principal cities. The paper had at the time, to my personal knowledge, a very wide circulation in the country, and the means by which it was obtained are made manifest in these instructions.

Each solicitor was provided with a "chromo" for exhibition, a copy of which would be furnished to every subscriber, and here are the directions for trapping the game:

INSTRUCTIONS TO AGENTS.

(Confidential.)

Never say at first that you wish to solicit a subscription.

Attract the attention and excite the interest by showing the chromo which you must always have at hand.

Presuming that you have previously ascertained the name of the party you address, you may use some such words as the following:

"Mr. ——, I have taken the liberty of calling to show you the most pleasing and artistic chromo ever made in America. It is after a painting by Sir Joshua Reynolds, one of England's famous painters. It is printed in sixteen different impressions in oil to get the coloring and shading of the original painting. It sells in the art stores for ten dollars. (This mention of the retail price rarely fails to attract attention.) *But I do not sell them.* The chromo is given to all subscribers to the paper I represent, the largest, cheapest, and most entertaining family paper in the country."

You may then go on to show the points and excellence of the chromo; what people and the press say of it, etc., etc.

Having succeeded in exciting an interest in the picture, the agent should proceed to show that the paper alone is worth the subscription, and the combination is the greatest offer ever made by a publisher to the American people.

The agent should be provided with a small book, an ordinary pass book will do, which at the proper point he should produce and show the names he has secured. Be careful never to do this in a manner that will convey an impression that you *expect* thus to influence the party you are addressing.

Answer all objections with quiet good humor.

Never argue a point. Objections are generally simply excuses for not subscribing. The best way to treat them is to go on with your story till they are forgotten.

Do not be put off by promises to subscribe at a future time. People will often say, "Perhaps I'll subscribe when you call again." This is only an excuse; urge the advantage of subscribing *now*.

Get the names of some of the leading and most influential persons of all sects belonging to the place. You can often accomplish it by frankly confessing your object in securing their names. It has great influence. Many agents keep all their old lists, as they may often secure subscribers by exhibiting them.

The grand secret of obtaining subscribers is *influence*. Get a list properly started, and men and women will subscribe because their neighbors have done so. Go first to the most influential men—clergymen, editors, etc.—and secure their names and written commendation if you can. Never disturb a man when busy. Don't talk too much.

Make a memd. of all who are out when you call, and don't fail to call again.

Study this circular carefully and keep it for future reference. The hints it contains were written by one who has had wide experience, and knows the pleasures and troubles of a canvassing agent.

It is melancholy to reflect that such widespread imbecility exists as is proved by the mere fact of the issuance of a document so obviously the result of experience in dealing with it. Perhaps its publication may have a wholesome effect upon some of those who are its intended victims.

H. W. S. C.

MINNEAPOLIS, July 7, 1888.

Notes.

MACMILLAN & Co. will be the American publishers of a cheap edition of Mrs. Humphry Ward's 'Robert Elsmere.'

Our readers have already received such an inkling as we could give them of the extraordinary interest pertaining to the Wagner-Liszt correspondence lately published in Germany. With commendable diligence Dr. Franz Hueffer has completed an English version, likewise in two volumes ('Correspondence of Wagner and Liszt.' New York: Scribner & Welford). The translator's competence for his task is a very comforting assurance, and he has had the good sense to omit nothing, and to cleave closely to the style of the original, even at the expense of fire and flow which might occasionally have been attained by paraphrase. He speaks feelingly in his preface of his wrestling in certain letters with Wagner's grammatical carelessness and obscurity of diction. He promises, if the public will support him, hereafter "to supply notes and a serviceable index, to give a clue to the various persons who are hidden under initials." It is much to be regretted that the index was not prepared for the present edition. Dr. Hueffer would also have honored his aim to produce a "facsimile" by another breach with the German edition. The datelines of the letters should have been put at the head, not the end, and a running-title or other device should have announced the writer in each case.

A selection of Mendelssohn's letters ('Briefe von F. M. Bartholdy') has been edited by Mr. James Sime for the Pitt Press Series of Cambridge University (New York: Macmillan). Mr. Sime furnishes an introduction and notes. The text is in the German character. It has been derived from the "Reisebriefe" and from the correspondence of the years 1833-1847.

A sixth edition of Mr. Sweetser's 'Maritime Provinces: A Handbook for Travellers' (Boston: Ticknor & Co.) proves that one every other year is the rule, and that the attractiveness of this part of the continent is steadily appreciated. In fact, since the first editions of this guide-book, Eastern fashion has virtually annexed one island, Campobello, adjacent to our shores. Mr. Sweetser is the best companion who has yet presented himself for the excursion tourist in this part of the Dominion.

Miss Charlotte M. Yonge has deserved well of all those who appreciate honest effort, and it is therefore with no desire to be disagreeable that we say of her 'What Books to Lend and What to Give,' recently issued in London, that it is very parochial, and distinctly inferior in breadth and in disinterestedness to Miss C. M. Hewins's 'Books for the Young,' which Miss Yonge seems never to have heard of. Perhaps the limitations of Miss Yonge's lists can best be shown by an extract or two from her pages: "The tales that have any dissenting bias, or which appear to involve false doctrine, are, of course, omitted" (p. 13). "In spite of all its peculiarities," the 'Pilgrim's Progress' "must be admitted; it is not likely that Bunyan's doctrines will do any harm (!), though for these purposes we do regret that Dr. Neale's edition, arranged for Church people, is out of print" (p. 51). Mark Twain's 'Prince and Pauper,' a "most diverting book, . . . has one grievous flaw—it marries a man to his sister-in-law, but only in the last two pages, and with so little preparation that the passages might be extirpated without any one missing them" (p. 61). We approve of the frankness with which Miss Yonge inserts the titles of her own books—an editor who is worth his salt should not be squeamish; Longfellow, who was a model editor, quoted abundantly from himself. But we do not quite see how it is that Miss Yonge omits 'The Prince of the House of David,' 'Ben-Hur,' and 'In His Name.'

Under the title 'Civics for Young Americans' (A. Lovell & Co.) Mr. W. M. Giffin undertakes to explain the forms of government in general, and to expound in particular the Constitution of the United States, with such simplicity as to insure their "easy comprehension by the youngest reader." Such a task is only possible if we use the term "comprehension" in the narrowest way, and it could even then be accomplished only by a writer much more thoroughly acquainted with political history than Mr. Giffin seems to be. He apparently supposes that true patriotism is to be aroused in children by indiscriminate laudation of our own institutions, and ignorant disparagement of those of other countries, especially England. A generation ago this conception prevailed, but we have advanced beyond it. We now have several books upon government that reflect this advance, and are yet elementary enough for such scholars as have attained a proper age for these studies, and this book is in most respects so inferior that it cannot enter into competition with them.

Pertinent to this subject is a little descriptive list of works on civil government constituting "Circular of Information, No. 1," of the Massachusetts Society for Promoting Good Citizenship. Of this organization we hear for the first time. The Rev. E. E. Hale is President; Mr. Edward Atkinson is one of the Vice-Presidents; the Secretary is C. F. Crehore, M.D., whose address is Box 1252, Boston. We owe to its Committee upon Courses of Reading and Study the pamphlet before us, whose aim is to operate directly upon the pupils in the public schools by providing lists of text-books, commentaries, and books of reference. Thus in section 1 we have Andrews's 'Manual of the U. S. Constitution,' Miss Dawes's 'How We Are Governed,' Nordhoff's 'Politics for Young Americans,' etc., etc., analyzed and rated for the teacher. The same helpful scheme is observed throughout. The Committee have in contemplation a similar service to higher institutions—a list of courses in reading, or select libraries, to be had for $10, $25, $50, $100, etc. This is all admirable, and Massachusetts cannot bound the sphere of the Society's influence.

Shakspere's 'Richard II.' and 'Henry V.' (Part I.), Plato's 'Crito and Phædo,' Coventry Patmore's Poems, and Clara Reeve's 'Old English Baron' are the latest additions to "Cassell's National Library."

'La Littérature française au moyen âge,' by M. Gaston Paris (Paris: Hachette; Boston: Schoenhof), has just appeared. This is the first of the four volumes of the "Manuel d'ancien français IX^e—XIV^e siècle," which has been in preparation for some years. The three other volumes are to be a 'Grammaire sommaire de l'ancien français,' a 'Choix de textes français au moyen âge,' and a Glossary. These promise to be the most complete and valuable initiation into the old French language and literature that has ever been made. A selection from them, for use as a class-book, was issued last year under the title, 'Extraits de la Chanson de Roland et de la Vie de Saint Louis par Joinville' (Paris: Hachette; Boston: Schoenhof). This contained about 300 pages of glossaries and grammatical observations, besides valuable literary and other notes. The first volume of the complete work now published is a sketch of mediæval French literature, which will be at-

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tractive, not only to the special student, but to any one interested in the study of literature.

Two years ago M. Octave Uzanne gathered together his lighter essays on books and book-making, and sent them forth as 'Nos Amis les Livres,' and he has now made a second and similar collection, 'Les Zigzags d'un Curieux: causeries sur l'art des livres et la littérature d'art' (Paris: Quantin; New York: F. W. Christern), which is almost uniform, externally and internally, with its pleasant predecessor. Most of the eight chapters have appeared in *Le Livre*, which M. Uzanne edits. There are papers about women book-lovers (of whom Mr. Lang has also written charmingly), about modern French engraving, about autograph collectors, about Balzac, about Baudelaire, and also about trifles, great and small. M. Uzanne's style is precious and yet modern; he has a touch of his own, and looks at life and at literature out of his own eyes. His attack on the papers of Paris for the enormously greater attention paid to plays than is given to books, is lacking neither in piquancy nor in verity, though it is likely to be unprofitable enough, as far as any direct result is concerned. The plea for the reconstruction and improvement of the Hôtel Drouot, where Parisian sales by auction are chiefly held, is one which we can heartily echo. M. Uzanne's book is admirably printed on Dutch paper, in an edition limited to 665 copies.

For the thirteenth time MM. Noël and Stoullig send forth their solid 'Annales du Théâtre et de la Musique' (Paris: Charpentier; New York: F. W. Christern), and to this account of the dramatic doings of 1887 M. Jules Claretie, now the director of the Théâtre-Français, contributes an interesting preface, in which he indirectly answers the charge that the Comédie-Française is in its decadence, by an apt comparison with the stage of a century ago, and an ingenious accumulation of the pessimistic sayings of those who have seen the stage "going to the dogs" regularly every few years. The unique position of the theatre M. Claretie manages is also shown by the fourth appearance of another annual, 'Répertoire de la Comédie-Française,' by M. Charles Gueulette (Paris: Librairie de Bibliophiles; New York: F. W. Christern), a dainty little book, nearly uniform with the beautiful series of the 'Almanach des Spectacles.' The performances of what other theatre in the world would afford material for a volume every year? For M. Gueulette's books M. Abot has etched a series of admirable portraits of the actresses who now adorn the stage of the Théâtre-Français—Mmes. Bartet, Dudlay, Reichemberg, and Baretta. To the volume for 1887 M. Édouard Thierry, one of the most erudite of French dramatic critics, and himself a former manager of the Théâtre-Français, contributes a preface, in which he shows how the recent breaking down of the prejudice against the stage has brought on the boards performers in greater abundance than ever before, and from wholly different classes of society.

Dainty likewise is the *Annuaire des Traditions Populaires* (Paris: Maisonneuve, 25 Quai Voltaire), containing first the constitution and by-laws of the Popular Traditions Society; then a list of its members; then, by way of garnishing, sundry *contes* and *chansons*—one or two broad and broadly illustrated; and, finally, a "bibliothèque folklorique," by M. Loys Brueyre, which speaks for itself. An old engraving of the Temptation of Eve here reproduced is in style manifestly of German origin; and this is confirmed by the serpent's having a woman's form—Méphistopheles's "aunt" (*die berühmte Schlange*).

The American sale of Daudet's 'L'Immortel; Mœurs Parisiennes' has been bespoken by William R. Jenkins, 851 Sixth Avenue, who has ventured upon an order of 1,000 copies for this market.

We duly chronicled, on the appearance of its first issue, the new departure taken by 'Pierer's Konversations-Lexikon' in its seventh edition (Stuttgart: W. Spemann). *Pari passu* and on the same page with the customary cyclopædic matter, an added narrow external column is made to carry twelve linguistic dictionaries under one alphabet. Moreover, equivalents in the same languages are affixed to each German word in the major alphabet. The labor implied in this combination, to insure accuracy, can, as the publisher truly says, not be imagined by one who has not seen a proof-sheet of the work. Nevertheless, the price remains low and within the reach of the ordinary buyer. The first fifteen parts of the 'Lexikon' are now before us, ending with the article on Asia. There are numerous illustrations, particularly under the rubric Architecture, maps of a simple and popular sort, excellent colored plates of fruits and flowers. The engravings have for the most part the stamp of an earlier school and generation, but they are all useful and authentic, and the newest are process work and quite as good as is called for. Of the text it may be said that the new polyglot feature "on Joseph Kürschner's system," as above described, constitutes the chief distinction of the 'Lexikon' over others.

A searching but good-tempered review of Mr. Froude's 'English in the West Indies,' which originally appeared in *Timehri*, the Journal of the Royal Agricultural and Commercial Society of British Guiana, comes to us as a reprint (Demerara: The *Argosy* Press). The writer is Mr. N. Darrell Davis, and his title is sufficiently suggestive: "Mr. Froude's Negrophobia; or, Don Quixote as a Cook's Tourist." Mr. Davis holds that "the future of the West Indies belongs to the Mixed Race." So far from the mulattoes dying out, they number one to every four Africans in Jamaica. Intermarriages are increasingly numerous throughout the archipelago. This year jubilee celebrations will signalize the fiftieth anniversary of (actual) emancipation, and "promise of themselves," says Mr. Davis, "to be a refutation of Mr. Froude's cynical attempt still further to blacken the Black Man." "Froudacity" is a neat word of Mr. Davis's coinage to express the variety of error which habitually distinguishes the historian's utterances.

The imposing form of *Current Literature*, a new monthly just launched at No. 42 W. Twenty-third St., and intended "to deal with current literature in an eclectic way," is all that the projectors have achieved which is worth mentioning. A greater premium on intellectual dissipation, or a more striking example of the confusion of standards of taste, we do not remember. The compilers are most scrupulous in giving credit to the esteemed contemporaries from whom they borrow, and both writers and editors may be flattered by the compliment; but as many crimes are here committed in the name of Literature as ever were in the name of Liberty. The original contributions are very meagre.

Appearances do not belie the *Journal* of the Gypsy Lore Society, printed by the Constables in Edinburgh, and edited by Mr. David MacRitchie, at 4 Archibald Place, in that gray metropolis of the North. The aim of this new publication is to further the solution of the vexed questions relating to the gypsies, as, whence come they? when did they first set foot in England, in America, etc.? No. 1 has articles on Turkish and Catalonian Gypsies, on the Early Annals of the Gypsies in England, a specimen Rumanian-Gypsy Folk-Tale; statistics of the race in Germany; South-Austrian Romany applied to versions of Shakspere and the Bible, etc., etc. Not the least interesting portion is the Notes and Queries. The whole number has a refreshingly authoritative stamp, and is a capital beginning.

Apropos of our correspondence on another page concerning the Bologna festival, we must mention the great beauty of the special edition of the *Illustrazione Italiana* (Milan: Fratelli Treves) relating to this memorable occasion. "Bononia Docet" is its title. In the compilation of its contents and in the choice of subjects for engraving, the greatest judgment and taste have been displayed. The portraits are numerous, and include King Humbert, Rector Capellini, Boselli, Gandino, Carducci, Guerrini, Saffi, etc.; while town and University are depicted in many aspects.

—The twentieth annual meeting of the American Philological Association was held in Amherst July 10, 11, and 12, with an unusually large number of members present. The President, Prof. Isaac H. Hall of New York city, delivered the opening address on Tuesday evening on "The Legacy of the Syrian Scribes." During the session, papers were read on "A New Allegory in the First Book of 'The Faerie Queen,'" by J. Ernest Whitney; on "Changes in the Roman Constitution proposed by Cicero (De Leg. iii, 3, 6-5, 12)," by Prof. William A. Merrill; on "The Cure Inscriptions from Epidaurus," by James R. Wheeler, Ph.D.; on "English Pronunciation, how Learned," and "Volapük and the Law of Least Effort," by Prof. F. A. March; on "Theories of English Verse," by the Rev. James C. Parsons; on "Peculiarities of Affix in Latin and Greek," by Charles S. Halsey; on "A Consideration of the Method Employed in Lighting the Vestal Fire," by Morris H. Morgan, Ph.D.; on "Contamination in Latin Comedy," by Prof. F. D. Allen; on the "Tripods of Hephæstus," in Hom. Il. xiii, by Prof. Thomas D. Seymour; on "Impersonal Verbs," by Julius Goebel, Ph.D.; on "The Authorship of the Cynicus of Lucian," by Josiah Bridge, Ph.D.; on "The Identity of Words," by Prof. L. L. Patwin; on "Observations on the Fourth Eclogue of Vergil," by Prof. W. S. Scarborough; on the "*Lex Curiata de Imperio*" and "On the Locality of the *Saltus Teutoburgiensis*," by Prof. William F. Allen; on "Arbutus," by Prof. F. P. Brewer; on the "Adrasteia in Plato's Republic," by Prof. Seymour; and on "The History of the Medicean Manuscripts of Cicero's Letters," by Robert F. Leighton, Ph.D. The paper on the "Theories of English Verse" called out a spirited discussion on the essential character and beauty of English metre. On Wednesday evening the Association was given a reception by Prof. and Mrs. L. H. Elwell in one of the chapter houses. At a business meeting, Prof. Seymour of Yale University was elected President for the ensuing year.

—Never has there been such a generous output by the English Dialect Society as this year, when four volumes are issued (London: Trübner), of which one alone, Mr. F. T. Elsworthy's 'West Somerset Word-Book,' fills 876 octavo pages. The others are the third and concluding part of Mr. Robert Holland's 'Glossary of Words used in the County of Chester'—a kind of supplement; Mr. Thomas Darlington's 'Folk Speech of South Cheshire'; and Messrs. Parish and Shaw's 'Dictionary of the Kentish Dialect, and Provincialisms in use in the County of Kent.' Mr. Elsworthy's performance is almost as near to being first in quality as in bulk, and

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will be found extremely readable. Thus, under the word *dowse*, 'to use the divining-rod for the purpose of finding springs of water,' we have an account of this much debated operation, beginning with the positive statement, "The faculty possessed by some individuals is truly marvellous." The editor tells of three "professional dowsers" who independently located the same spot on a high and apparently very dry spot where a sanatorium was to be built; and inasmuch as one of his daughters has the power to some extent, and asserts that she cannot twist the rod by any conscious effort, Mr. Elsworthy concludes against chicanery. Of the sixth letter of the alphabet he tells us that

"it will usually be found that words beginning with *f* which have come to us from the Latin, whether through French or not, and all imported words in *f*, keep their initial letter sharp and distinct, while archaic and Teutonic words, though written with *f*, are sounded as *v*. It is the neglect of this rule, and of the cognate one as to *s* and *z*, which has made Western dialect writers ridiculous to native ears—from Ben Jonson and Shakspere down to *Punch* and the local newspapers. Even Peter Pindar and Nathan Hogg have transgressed very frequently. On the other hand, it often happens that words in initial *v*, especially when emphasized, are pronounced as in sharp *f*."

From the side of its phonetics, we have been struck with the many resemblances of the West Somerset dialect to our own negro speech, and there is one emphatic word, *inty*, rendered 'not I,' and used after a negative assertion, curiously like the Sea Island *enty?* an interrogation of surprise. "Indeed" could be substituted for either locution. Yankeeisms also abound in this dialect. The *Athenæum* having called "*riding* in a gig" an Americanism, Mr. Elsworthy retorts that "no other phrase would be used by a Somerset native." Our very colloquial and rather vulgar "So long!" is also a familiar valediction in England. "'Well then, *zo long!*' is a very common form of saying *good bye*." It "is mostly used in West Somerset, especially about Bruton, but is heard occasionally in the West."

—The Kentish dialect is, we are told, peculiar rather in its phraseology and pronunciation than its words, yet some of these, as collected by Messrs. Parish and Shaw, are very singular. That after an elaborate glossary of the dialect of Cheshire County there should still be room for a good-sized one for South Cheshire, is proof of the wonderful wealth of the mine worked by the Society. Mr. Darlington has had the benefit of Mr. Holland's labors, and occasionally offers a criticism, as in discrediting a specimen of dialect poetry admitted by the latter to his Part III. Notable in this supplementary issue is *enoo*, a plural form of *enuf*, as "muck *enuf* for my graind, an' pratas *enoo* for set it"; but most valuable are the several lists showing the pronunciation of place and family names, the collection of proverbs, colloquial sayings, weather lore, etc., the tales, poems, and customs. We subjoin some samples of phonetic abrasion in place names: Altrincham (pronounced Awtojum, Awtridgum, Thrutchum), Cholmondeley (Chumly), Davenport (Dainpurt), Eardswick (Yarzic), Gawsworth (Gōzuth), Hough (Uf), Hough's Bank (Aoof's Bonk), Hurdsfield (Utsfilt), Macclesfield (Maxfilt, Maxilt, Max'l't), Piemondstall or Plemstall (Plimston, Plimsta), Ringway (Runja, Runjy), Tiverton (Teert'n), Wildboarclough (Wilbertluf). In personal names, take Bancroft (Banky), Greenhalgh (Grinna), Heald (Yeld), Mainwaring (Mannering), Schofield (Scowsel), Woolstencroft (Oos'ncroft). Cheshire seems also to be the home of a proverbial comparison probably losing ground in this country, though well known to the last generation. Mr. Holland gives it—"As queer as Dick's hatband, as went nine times round and would na tee at last." In South Cheshire, according to Mr. Darlington, they say—"it went nine times raind, an' wudna reach the tie"; and he declares he can make nothing of this expression. Mr. Darlington's glossary deserves very high praise for its execution. He gives the pronunciation, with outlines of the grammar, of the South Cheshire speech, which is very exclusive, so that only three per cent. of Romance words are to be found in it.

—The Society's fourteenth annual report is prefixed to Mr. Darlington's volume. Of chief interest is the part which relates to the projected English Dialect Dictionary, to be edited by the Rev. A. Smythe Palmer. Nearly one hundred workers, one-fourth being ladies, are pledged to read books for quotations, or to contribute word-lists or oral specimens. Only about one-twentieth of the sum deemed necessary for the publication ($25,000) has been raised, but the Rev. W. W. Skeat, who is acting as Treasurer of the fund, is so eager for the fruition of this great enterprise, that he assumes the burden of any deficiency on the 31st of December, 1888. But it would not be just to allow him to make this sacrifice out of his own pocket.

—The mails bring the news of the sudden and accidental death, at barely two-score years, of Edmund Gurney of London, whose essays, 'Tertium Quid,' were reviewed in our pages not many weeks ago. Mr. Gurney gave all who knew him such a sense of intellectual power that what he had already published seemed but a prelude to some certainly exceptional future philosophical achievement. As it is, his reputation will depend largely on the development of "Psychical Research." If that proves a sound movement, he will of course have the celebrity which falls to successful forerunners and founders. Pending that, he has by that monument of patience and fairness, the 'Phantasms of the Living,' at least forced a new present branch of study on the unwilling scientific world. His experiments on certain post-hypnotic states have broken ground in what promises to be an extraordinarily fruitful direction. His 'Power of Sound' is the freshest and truest book on æsthetics in English, and possibly in any language. His personal graces were rare; and such were the keenness of his demands on life, the depth of his aims, the subtlety of his intellect, and his capacity for work, that one cannot but feel as if the destroying angel had outdone even himself in heartlessness, by cutting such a man off ere he had fairly begun, as it were, to show his hand.

—A certain amount of opposition to international copyright is due to the ignorant notions of many people as to what is secured when a copyright is taken out for a book. The belief is prevalent that it is the *idea* of the book, or some novel conception of the subject-matter of the work, or some discovery that is set out in it which it is intended to protect. This confusion is no doubt partly due to the unfortunate mixing up of copyright and patent-right, due in its turn to the linking together of these two subjects in the section of the Constitution which authorizes Congress to legislate concerning them. It doubtless also partly arises from the difficulty experienced by persons who have never written a book, in realizing that to discover or think out the ideas which it is intended to illustrate in a projected work, is but the first and often the easiest step in its production. They know nothing about the difficult art of expression, and have no conception of the labor involved in properly presenting to the reader the thought in the mind of the writer, and therefore find it hard to understand that it is the product of this latter kind of labor, and this only, which is protected by the law of copyright. Mr. Henry George, in the *Standard* for June 23, in answer to a correspondent who declares that he has no belief in "any natural property in the creations of one's brains," says some pertinent things upon this point. Concerning the difference between the patent for an invention and the copyright of a book, his contention is that the former, granting rights of property in an idea, "rests on no natural right, but can only be upheld as a matter of policy," whereas the latter gives no property in ideas, but "merely recognizes the right of property in a particular form, itself a product of labor, in which ideas are made tangible; a right which, irrespective of questions of policy, is a natural right—resting on the same ground as the right of the fisherman to the fish he catches, of the farmer to the crop he raises, of the builder to the house he constructs." The true basis of the right of property in anything is that it "was produced—*i. e.*, brought forth—by human exertion." But discovery can give no right of ownership, even though "this discovery may be the result of labor," Mr. George argues, for "no man can discover anything which, so to speak, was not put there to be discovered, and which some one else might not in time have discovered"; therefore, "the expenditure of labor in the invention or discovery of the idea of a machine gives no natural right of ownership in the idea," the natural reward of labor so expended being in the "use that can be made of the discovery without interference with the right of any one else to use it."

—Coming to the protection of literary property, Mr. George says:

"Now a book—I do not mean the printed and bound volume which is the result of the labor of printers, bookbinders, and subsidiary industries, but the succession of words which is the result of the labor of the author—if not a material thing, is quite as tangible a thing as a machine. And in the labor that goes to its production there are the same two separable parts. There is what I have called the 'labor of discovery,' which goes to the idea of the book, and as to which, as in the case of the inventor of the machine, the author must draw on those who have gone before. . . . There is also the labor of production—labor of essentially the same kind, though it deals not with matter, but with immaterial things, as that which in the case of a machine is expended in bringing wood, steel, brass, etc., into certain proportions and relations. It is this labor of production, which results in a tangible identity, that gives ownership to the author as a matter of natural right. And it is this right of ownership not in ideas, but in the tangible result of labor expended in production, that copyright secures."

Mr. George enlarges upon the non-appreciation by persons not authors of the labor involved in "writing out" a book (to which we have referred above), and concludes by expressing the hope that his correspondent will, upon reflection, come to the conclusion that the recognition of the right of property in literary productions, "instead of being like that system of spoliation called protection, an impairment and denial of natural right, is but the securing to the author of the natural reward of his labor."

—*La Réforme Sociale*, the fortnightly organ of the "Société d'Économie Sociale" founded by Le Play in 1856, contains, in its number for June 16, an article by M. Henri Duquaire, on the law of inheritance in France, and its relation to the birth-rate. The subject is not a new one, having been discussed by Le Play himself in his 'L'Organisation de la Famille,' published in 1871, and, in the same year, in a

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volume by M. Claudio Jannet. In another column we notice a French statistical work in which the subject recurs. M. Duquaire can hardly be said to have proved his thesis, or to have added anything novel to the discussion. He deals too much in rhetorical phrases about the true, the beautiful, and the good. The picture he draws of the rural population of France, however, has curious points of resemblance to that presented in Zola's 'La Terre,' and this corroboration from an unexpected quarter constitutes, perhaps, the chief strength of his argument. That the French laws limiting the right of bequest have worked great moral injury, and should be considerably modified, if not repealed, we are firmly persuaded. The interest of this fact for us lies in its application to the current reaction in favor of Government interference and over-legislation. The a-priori arguments in favor of the existing French laws of inheritance are as strong as can be desired, and the principal argument against them is the general contention, so forcibly put in the writings of Herbert Spencer, that the State should not meddle.

—As bearing on this general topic, another article in the same journal may be mentioned, namely, that on compulsory insurance of workingmen, and its leanings to State socialism. Here again, while the doctrine is sound and clear, the method of treatment is confused and vague. Correct economic reasoning is weakened by an incongruous admixture of religious considerations which appeal to a different class of minds. The same question is handled in a strictly scientific manner in the last two numbers of Schmoller's *Jahrbuch*, but the German writers are inclined to uphold the doctrine of State interference which the French writer attacks. A third article, on the causes of the fall of Poland, suffers from the same defects as the other two. The writer, S. Fudakowski, examines and rejects various theories that have been advanced, but when he comes to substitute one of his own, he loses himself in a cloud of rhetoric and glittering generalities. A question like this is not to be dismissed in a paragraph, but it may be said that historical authorities agree that the ancient kingdom or republic of Poland carried the seeds of destruction in its vitals. Its inherent weakness was so evident that, in a speech made to the Diet in 1661, John Casimir predicted the dismemberment of the country by Brandenburg, Austria, and Russia.

LEA'S HISTORY OF THE INQUISITION.—II.

A History of the Inquisition of the Middle Ages. By Henry Charles Lea. 3 vols. Harper & Bros. 1888.

In a former notice we spoke of the first volume of Mr. Henry C. Lea's 'History of the Inquisition of the Middle Ages.' In the first half of that volume he described the peculiar conditions of European life and thought which produced the Inquisition, and in the second he gave an account of the origin of the institution and its methods of procedure. In the two volumes now before us we have what might with more propriety be called a 'History of Religious Persecution in the Middle Ages' than a 'History of the Inquisition.'

The second volume is devoted to an account of persecution in the several countries of Europe, and also to the organization of the Inquisition as the instrument in that persecution. In many cases, however, the part played by the Holy Office was so small, or so wholly secondary to the action of local authorities, that one finds it difficult to discover the exact thread of connection. Notably is this the case in the account of heresy in Bohemia, occupying a quarter of the volume, and culminating in the recital of the trial and condemnation of John Hus by the Council of Constance. Hus, up to the time of his appearance at Constance, had been dealt with wholly by the episcopal authority in Bohemia, partly on its own account, partly as agent for the papacy. At Constance he was in the hands of the Council and its agents. The only connection of his trial and that of Jerome with the Inquisition lay in the fact that the methods employed were those which the frequent persecutions for heresy had made familiar to all Europe.

The third volume treats of special fields of inquisitorial activity, and includes under that heading the dealings of the Church with spiritual heretics, political heretics, and such as showed their heresy by pretending to practise any form of sorcery or occult art. The story of spiritual heresy is especially harrowing. The Christian world was full of ardent souls who were struggling after perfection through-ways very similar to those which the orthodox Church itself had, over and over again, made use of. Their crime was, that they believed they could do better outside the Catholic fold than within it. If they succeeded in living holy lives of sacrifice and devotion, so much the worse for the institution which claimed for itself the only true source of all holy living. It must at all hazards prevent the scandal of successful rivalry. The all-sufficient excuse for action was found in the charge of heresy, and the all-powerful weapon was ready in the beautifully organized inquisitorial process. Thus the over-zealous Franciscans, the fanatical Flagellants, the pious Beghards and Beguines were all, upon one ground or another, swept into the common accusation of heresy, and the cruel machinery of inquisition set in motion.

Mr. Lea's conclusion is, that trial for heresy was invariably a mere formality. If vigorously managed, it left absolutely no loophole for escape. The only chance for the alleged criminal was in some defect in the trial. If Mr. Lea is right, the essential element in the process was, after all, the use of torture, with its inevitable effect upon the mind of the victim. No matter what resistance the inquisitor might meet in the early stages, there seems to have been scarcely ever a case in which the desired result was not reached by the use, or even by the threat, of physical torment. Thus the whole volume of evidence preserved from the inquisitorial trials loses every particle of value as an accurate record of fact.

Horrible as this view of the trial is, its awfulness becomes almost insignificant by comparison with that larger madness of the community which suffered such perversions of justice, and accepted their results as decisive of the truth in the case. This aspect of the matter becomes especially clear in the account of trial for heresy as a political weapon. Under this head we have detailed sketches of the trials of the Templars, of Joan of Arc, and of Jean Petit, as cases in which the State authority profited by the use of the Inquisition, and of Savonarola, Rienzi, and various other political offenders, as cases in which the profit came to the Church.

In all these trials the Inquisition as such does not play the leading part. It acts merely as the tool of powers anxious for their own safety, and unscrupulous as to the means of maintaining it. A hundred pages are given to "the great crime of the Middle Ages," the destruction of the Temple order, a tale often told, but never with a more careful attention to the legal points involved and a more cautious verdict. Not with any wavering, however. Mr. Lea leaves it quite clear that in his judgment the affair was a gigantic conspiracy against a body of men who, no matter how far they might have fallen from their early purity, were by no possibility guilty of the disgusting and foolish practices alleged against them. They would probably have escaped if Philip of France had not enlisted the papal interest on his side, and thus procured the use of the inquisitorial machinery. There remains but one real mystery in this case: if the papacy was really "bulldozed" into its action by the greed of the King of France, why should it have insisted upon the annihilation of the order in other lands? Again, one has to fall back upon that universal madness, begotten of ignorance and superstition, which made even the preferring of such charges possible.

We can only refer to that chapter of the book which treats of the part taken by the Inquisition in trials for sorcery and other occult arts. If the Holy Office had ever a shadow of justification, it was here. All that hideous swarm of delusions which appear under the names of magic, witchcraft, and dealings with the devil, was at least diminished in extent and violence by the action of the Church. Not that the Church took any really higher ground in these matters than any other part of the community. It believed as much as any one in the delusions which underlay the legal charges. But it was worth something that the Church insisted upon a monopoly of relations with the unknown. There should be no magic but its magic, no dealing with Satan but such as might properly be undertaken under its direction. Thus, for a time, the Church seemed to be almost on the side of reason and light. That it was not really so we know from its attitude towards every searcher after truth who ventured out of its prescribed ways.

We close our notice of this most valuable and imposing contribution to our literature with one criticism as to method. That Mr. Lea has read enormously and in the right books, no reader in his senses can for a moment doubt, but it is to be regretted that he has chosen to give us no systematic account of his sources. We have at the close of every paragraph a fatally abbreviated reference to the books upon which its statements are based, but it is seldom that we can find a full statement even of a title. Still less is there anything like criticism of the sources. In dealing with a subject so open to violent controversy as this, the author is bound to give account of himself. We do not imply that Mr. Lea has not satisfied himself as to the authenticity and value of the mass of very slippery evidence upon which such a story, for instance, as that of Joan of Arc is based. We should, however, have felt in reading his narrative a far greater sense of solidity if we could have been told, however briefly, just the process by which his conclusions were reached. If the question were wholly one of space, we could have better spared a great deal of detailed narration of matters easily found in other books, for the sake of a sounder judgment of the institution which is the nominal subject of this one.

BOOKS ABOUT THE STAGE.

Charles Dickens and the Stage; a Record of his connection with the Drama as Playwright, Actor, and Critic. By T. Edgar Pemberton. London: George Redway; New York; Scribner & Welford.

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Mr. and Mrs. Bancroft on and off the Stage. Written by themselves. London: Richard Bentley & Son; New York: Scribner & Welford. 2 vols.

Cinq Anniversaires de Molière: 1874, 1875, 1877, 1881, 1886. Par Ernest d'Hervilly. Paris: Frinzine; New York: F. W. Christern.

La Vie au Théâtre. Par Pierre Giffard. Paris: Librairie Illustrée; New York: F. W. Christern.

Le Cirque à pied et à cheval. Par A. J. Dalsème. Paris: Librairie Illustrée; New York: F. W. Christern.

Pantomimes de Paul Legrand. Par Félix et Eugène Larcher. Paris: Librairie Théâtrale; New York: F. W. Christern.

It is impossible to pronounce Mr. Pemberton's book about Dickens's connection with the stage "a felt want filled," as the English advertisement put it. The subject had been well handled and at quite sufficient length by the late Dutton Cook in an article in *Longman's Magazine;* and Mr. Pemberton has been able to do little more than dilute Dutton Cook's essay. He is an extreme Dickens enthusiast, and has prepared his book for those like himself. Accordingly, it is full of remote allusions to Dickens's works, some of which might fitly have found their place in the examination paper on Dickens which the late C. S. Calverley once set, and which Mr. Walter Besant most successfully answered. Mr. Pemberton is a slovenly writer (he stumbles over many an "and which"), and he has read his proof carelessly. It is possible that the stage lost a great actor when Dickens became a novelist. His novels show his fondness for the melodramatic, and his readings revealed his powers as an impersonator. Perhaps the most interesting chapter of Mr. Pemberton's book is that describing the splendid strolling of the Guild of Literature and Art.

From Dickens's letters Mr. Pemberton fails to quote a passage of hearty and discriminating praise which the novelist bestowed on Miss Marie Wilton when she was playing in cheap burlesque at the Strand Theatre. But the letter is not omitted from the two stout volumes which Miss Wilton and her husband have recently published as a joint autobiography. Mr. and Mrs. Bancroft were the originators of the so-called school of Robertsonian comedy. For their acting Mr. T. W. Robertson wrote the chief parts in "Ours" and "Caste" and "School." After his death, the bereaved managers of the little Prince of Wales's Theatre cast about for new plays in vain, and revived old comedies most sumptuously decorated. Then they fell back on the French drama, and produced those twin marvels of inartistic insularity, the adaptations of "Nos Intimes" and "Dora," called "Peril" and "Diplomacy." All that they did was most carefully and conscientiously done. They always engaged as good a company as they could get, willingly playing small parts themselves; and, in spite of a dead failure or two—a feeble play of Mr. Edmund Yates, "Tame Cats," falling very flat, for instance—they made money. In time they took the Haymarket Theatre, redecorated it, and brought out M. Sardou's "Fédora" and Mr. Pinero's interesting "Lords and Commons." Then they retired to an honorable rest. Their influence on the English stage was good, on the whole: they improved the theatres of London both before and behind the curtain; but they raised the price of seats, and they carried to extremes the pestilent practice of over-elaborate stage setting. Mr. Bancroft speaks of the extraordinary pains they took to secure exact scenic accuracy in their reproduction of the "Merchant of Venice," in which everything was excellent—scenery, costumes, music, supernumeraries—and only the acting was inferior. Since then, Mr. Irving has taken his company up to West Point, and has acted the "Merchant of Venice" before the cadets on an improvised stage, absolutely without scenery—and never more effectively. The play is the thing, and all else is of very little importance. For the rest, Mr. and Mrs. Bancroft's volumes contain much kindly and harmless gossip about themselves and others; and the student of the stage will find in them much to interest and to amuse him.

The Théâtre-Français and the Odéon Theatre in Paris have the honorable habit of keeping the birthdays of the three great French dramatists, Corneille, Molière, and Racine, by special performances of certain of their masterpieces, and by the recital of occasional poems by the younger poets of the day. Sometimes these occasional poems have the amplitude of a little play, in which some incident in the life of the great dramatist is set on the stage more or less adroitly. M. Ernest d'Hervilly is one of the most fervent of Molière's admirers, and one of the most ingenious of latter-day French lyrists, and on five anniversaries of Molière's birthday he has come forward with an original play in one act, in which the author of the "Précieuses Ridicules" took a chief part. The five little comedies are of unequal merit, of course, but even the slightest is far above the ordinary level of an occasional piece. They are all lively little plays, and they may be recommended to amateur actors who are sufficiently certain of their French accent and of their ability to deliver French verse—no easy task. There is a portrait of M. d'Hervilly by M. Félix Régamey, and there is also a little preface by M. Auguste Vitu, quite needless, but pleasantly complimentary to the French dramatist of our time, and to the French dramatist of all time.

M. Pierre Giffard, who is the special correspondent of the Paris *Figaro*, and who has written a play or two, having prepared a book about "La Vie en chemin de fer" for M. Robida to illustrate, has now followed it with a book on 'La Vie en Théâtre,' pending the production of 'La Vie aux Bains de Mer.' The present book is a piece of machine-made newspaper work, accurate enough, no doubt, but lacking in savor and in any special insight into the tendencies of the stage in France. M. Giffard's 'Tournée du Père Thomas,' which we noticed not long ago, was a superficial study of theatrical life "on the road" in France, and this is a study equally superficial of theatrical life in Paris. Both works give one a sorry idea of the joys of a histrionic career in France. As Thackeray found that the rollicking Irish stories of Lever, which seemed jolly enough externally, were at bottom profoundly melancholy, so most of the lively tales of theatrical life we read every year or two are imbued with a sadness as undeniable as it is no doubt unconscious. This book of M. Giffard's is painful rather than pleasant, for all its factitious gayety. Of the illustrations by M. Robida we do not know exactly what to say. They are rather "comic cuts" than humorous sketches. If vigorous at times, they are always hasty. On the whole, they seem to us to be distinctly unworthy of the illustrator of Rabelais.

M. Dalsème's book about the circus is not unlike M. Giffard's book about the theatre, but it is not as good. M. Giffard has been careful, and his book was conscientiously planned, whereas M. Dalsème is careless, and his pages follow one another haphazard and with numberless digressions. There is, for example, a long excursus on scene-painting in France which has no place here at all. A really well-informed account of the contemporary circus as it flourishes in Germany, in Paris, and in America would be interesting and not without value. And even more useful, perhaps, would be an historical summary of the circus through the changing centuries, from the Olympic games, the combats of the arena, the jongleurs of the Middle Ages, down to the advent of Astley and Franconi and Renz and Barnum. A book of this kind, modelled on Mr. Parton's somewhat similar sketch of the history of caricature, ought to be abundantly illustrated. M. Dalsème has given us neither of these desiderata; his sketch is very slight indeed, and it is padded with not a little irrelevant matter. It will be remembered that when the German retired to his own room and proceeded to evolve the camel out of his inner consciousness, the Frenchman went to the Jardin des Plantes and described the animal as he appeared there in its enclosure. This, it strikes us, is very much what M. Dalsème has done. He has gone to the four circuses of Paris, and he has asked a few questions; and he has inflated this personal observation and this meagre information into a book of three hundred pages.

Just now there seem to be signs of a revival of interest in France in the pantomimic art. M. Raoul de Najac, whose bright 'Retour d'Arlequin' we noticed a year or so ago, and M. Paul Marguerrite, who has succeeded in making Pierrot take part in tragedy, have organized a club for the production of their pantomimes. Thus it is that this collection of the mimic plays of M. Paul Legrand, who was for years the only surviving Pierrot, is most welcome. They are simple scenarios, for the most part, and, as might be expected, many of the incidents are familiar—"La Statue," for example, is almost exactly the same as the one we have been familiar with since the days of the Ravels. The French Pierrot is naïf and cunning; he is wholly free from the vulgar brutality of the British clown. The late George L. Fox, the best mimic of our generation, acted clown as though it were Pierrot—another instance of the American preference for a French tradition over an English. Fox gave his clown the pure white head of Pierrot, not disfigured with the red blotches of the ordinary British clown; and he played the part with a sobriety and a breadth and a recognition of the exact limits of his art, worthy of the highest praise.

THE RURAL ECONOMY OF FRANCE.

Statistique Agricole de la France: Résultats généraux de l'enquête de 1882. Paris.

Les Populations Agricoles de la France. Par H. Baudrillart. Paris. 2 vols. 1886 and 1888.

THESE two publications constitute a very complete and detailed account of the condition of the rural population of France. The official statistics are supplemented by Baudrillart's careful personal inquiry into the moral and material condition of the peasantry—an inquiry which is of a semi-official character, inasmuch as the work, of which two volumes have now been published, is being carried on under the auspices of the Académie des Sciences Morales et Politiques. The long delay in publishing the results of the decennial inquiry, which began in 1882, detracts from the interest of that part which relates to produce and prices; but the information disclosed as to the more slowly changing facts of rural economy, the distribu-

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tion of property, methods of occupation, and the comparison of the condition of the people with their condition in 1862, are matters of more enduring interest. The events of 1870-71 prevented the usual inquiry from being made in 1872; the results of the present inquiry are therefore contrasted with one made twenty years before.

The sketch given by M. Tisserand, the Director of Agriculture, of attempts made before this century to collect information as to the condition of farms and farmers, and of the inquiries made in 1840, 1852, and 1862, shows that the present is, as it should be, the most complete and exact account ever taken of the state of agriculture in France. Early inquiries were necessarily inaccurate; the knowledge of necessary precedent facts did not exist, as did not the administrative organization required for the collection of facts and information. It is far more difficult to investigate the condition of a rural than of a city population: they are more widely dispersed; there are infinite varieties of condition, habit, and occupation; their lives are less open to observation, and they are less ready to give information. To obtain it, they must be disarmed of those suspicions which inquiries are sure to arouse.

The earlier reports on agricultural France were to a large extent conjectural statistics. From the examination of a small district, the inquirer extended his reasoning and conclusions to the whole country, with the result that most erroneous ideas were disseminated. This was the case even with so acute an observer as Arthur Young. A cadastral survey must be the basis of any exact inquiry into rural economy. The French survey was only commenced in 1808; nominally finished in 1847, it has only of recent years been fully availed of for statistical purposes.

The characteristic of the French land system is the great division of land ownership. Arthur Young prophesied that France would become the rabbit warren of Europe; English economists have generally followed his lead, and assumed that the division of property in France was carried to excess. The upholders of the old régime in France have done the same; and most erroneous and exaggerated ideas prevailed on this subject among well-informed but biassed Frenchmen. Not many years ago it was confidently asserted in the Senate that there were fourteen million landowners in France. Recent inquiries conducted on more scientific lines indicate that the number of landowners is about eight million. 'Le Morcellement,' by Alfred de Foville, published in 1885, is the most complete examination of this particular question; and his conclusions are confirmed—mathematical precision in such matters being, of course, unattainable—by the present official inquiry.

Statistics must not only be read, but understood, and for this the methods of compilation should be examined. The agricultural population of France is now estimated to be 18,249,209 souls; showing a diminution of nearly 5 per cent. since 1862. The method of classification places villages (*populations agglomérées*) containing over 2,000 inhabitants, among the urban population; the mere increase of a village from just below to just above 2,000 inhabitants would therefore transfer it from one class to the other. A distinct diminution, however, of the rural population is established, and is attributed to these among other less evident causes:

(1.) The increase of wages, which varies from 26 per cent. for farm laborers to 80 per cent. for women servants.

(2.) Enforced military service, during which many men acquire a dislike to the drudgery of farm labor.

(3.) The low birth-rate, which is most marked in the richest agricultural districts, where the fecundity of man appears to be in inverse ratio to the fertility of the soil. "Stérilité systématique" is an admitted fact in some of the wealthiest departments.

The great diminution in the number of women agriculturists is partly due to the frequent establishment of factories in rural districts. The number of farm laborers has diminished (allowance being made in all calculations for the loss of Alsace-Lorraine) by 25 per cent., being 1,500,000 in 1882 against 2,000,000 in 1862. Some of these have migrated into the towns. The fall in the farm profits has compelled farmers to use as little hired labor as possible, and the increased use of machinery of all kinds has enabled them to do the same work with fewer hands.

The following are the relative number of farms of different sizes in proportion to the total number:

Farms less than 2½ acres.....38 per cent.
Farms from 2½ to 25 acres....46 " "
Farms from 25 to 125 acres.... 6 " "
Farms above 125 acres.....10 " "

In Belgium the division of the soil is very much greater, for the farms containing less than 2½ acres are there 64 per cent. of the whole number.

The total number of rural proprietors is 4,035,246; but one person may own several properties, for there are no less than 12,000,000 separately rated properties (*côtes agraires*). These comprise 125,000,000 parcels, each separately described, measured, and numbered for the purposes of taxation and transfer on the communal *cadastres*, or registers of ownership. Farmers are classed according to their tenure as follows:

Owners farming their own land.79.76 per cent.
Farmers paying a money rent ...13.82 " "
Métayers..... 6.42 " "

Since 1862 there has been a diminution of the two latter classes, many tenants and métayers having become proprietors, and the tendency being towards occupying ownership.

Statements of the average prices of land and of labor must not be misunderstood. The variation between different districts is very great, but as the French real-estate market differs from the English in being a retail market, and as simple ownership is the rule in France, quotations of prices rest on a more intelligible basis than in England. The prices obtained in all cases of sale are officially recorded, one object being a contemplated revision of the assessment for the land tax. The following are the average prices per acre of rural land of different qualities:

Description.	Quality.		
	1st.	2d.	3d.
Arable	$204	$168	$120
Meadow and pasture	284	256	160
Vineyard	244	172	144

Since 1852 there has been a very large increase in the letting and selling value of land, but it has not been so marked since 1862.

The average quotations for daily wages in summer of farm hands are as follows:

	With Food.	Without Food.
Men	1.98 francs.	3.11 francs.
Women	1.14 "	1.87 "
Children	74 "	1.31 "

For farm hands hired by the year, lodged, and fed, the comparative wages in 1862 and 1882 were:

	1862. Francs.	1882. Francs.	Increase since 1862.
Foremen	361	465	28.18 per ct.
Laborers and carters.	256	324	26.56 "
Herdsmen	230	290	26.02 "
Women	130	235	80.00 "

Is the division of the soil among owners excessive? Does it amount to such a "pulverization" of the land as to make cultivation unprofitable? These questions have been for years hotly debated, but are satisfactorily answered by the statistics now published, as well as by De Foville in the work above mentioned. The usually accepted classification of properties is this:

Less than 5 acres.....Very small.
5 acres to 15 acres.....Small.
15 acres to 125 acres .....Medium.
125 acres to 500 acres.....Large.
Over 500 acres.....Very large.

Generally, there has been an increase in the number of properties of "medium" size. The division of agricultural lands tends to cease when it becomes unprofitable. There are parts of France where unexplained statistics indicate an excessive "morcellement," but it is not of agricultural land; it is the multiplication of house sites, and, as De Foville says, so far as it means that every man sleeps under his own rooftree, the more of such division the better. That phase of *morcellement* which is distinctly bad, viz., the existence of properties in very small and detached parcels, is shown to be diminishing.

Baudrillart's work is the result of a personal examination into the moral and material condition of the peasantry, into their habits, customs, religious and educational condition. His method has been a preliminary study of all official and statistical information bearing on the several districts, followed by thorough examination, generally travelling on foot, of the different types of families and farms. His first volume, published in 1886, deals exclusively with Normandy and Brittany, the second with some of the central departments. He is a stanch approver of "la petite propriété" as the basis of society. "Thank Heaven," he says, "there is no land question in France, nor any social question such as there is in the towns." Excessive individualism is the characteristic fault, he thinks, of the French peasant, so far as any general description is applicable.

His description of the iron-workers of Conches, and the lace-makers about Caen, who combine industrial with agricultural occupations, presents an almost ideal condition of society. The foundries of Conches provide occupation not only for the men, but also for women in the lighter work of finishing agricultural implements. Men's wages are from six to eight francs a day; nearly all own land, which they cultivate; in harvest, and at other seasons when the land requires attention, they desert the factories for their farms. Near Caen, 70,000 women are said to find employment, chiefly in their own homes, at lace-making. The men are farmers and fishermen. In Brittany, poor as the population still is in places, the present condition is far better than the past. Wrecking on the coast and faction fights between villages were once common. There are places where a man's wage, with food, is still not more than seventy-five centimes a day, and mendicancy is followed as a profession in families. Nevertheless, there is everywhere observed a distinct improvement in the material

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condition of the people. In the second volume, treating of some of the wealthiest and most prosperous parts of France, Baudrillart comes to the conclusion that in morals improvement has lagged behind that made in wealth. He points out faults, but, on the whole, concludes that many of the pictures drawn of the French peasantry make them out far worse than they really are. The twenty million souls in rural France are the mainstay of the country—"Ce sont de bonnes populations."

The Ristigouche and its Salmon Fishing. With a chapter on Angling Literature. By Dean Sage. Edinburgh: David Douglas; New York: Scribner & Welford. 4to, pp. 275.

THIS book has every mark of being "offered on the insatiate altar of friendship," to use an expression of Joseph Crawhall's cited on page 266, rather than destined for the commercial struggle for existence. Extraordinary pains have been bestowed upon it by author and publisher, to make it the lovely thing it is externally. The page is of noble proportions, the margins broad, the print large, the paper of the solidest Holland texture. Illustrations abound—for ornament and for use: exquisite wood-engravings of flies; full-page etchings of scenery and adventure, many very charming; portraits; maps; *facsimiles of old prints*; vignettes, head and tail-pieces, initial letters, etc., etc. In spite of the various styles employed, good taste has prevailed to maintain a high level of excellence.

With all this luxuriousness, Mr. Sage's narrative is direct and business-like, and it is clear that he brings neither to his friends nor to the collector an unsubstantial show of apparel, conceived in mere vanity. We have, in fact, a very practical monograph on the river that forms the boundary between Lower Canada and New Brunswick, in which the discourse proceeds in this orderly fashion: The River; Canoes and Indians; Camp Harmony; The Salmon; Tackle and How to Use It; The Salmon of the Matapedia Bridge (a notable experience); Hours for Angling; The Waugan *et infra*; The Season of 1885; The Adventures of 1886; Angling Literature. The titles are suggestive of the kind of information conveyed and entertainment afforded by the several chapters. Any one desirous to know the fishing localities of this particular stream, or the habits of the salmon which frequent it (p. 70), or to settle his doubt whether salmon rise to the fly for food or for fun (p. 79), or what flies are best, the light or dark-colored ones (p. 99), will be satisfied by Mr. Sage without the necessity of his going to the spot, or of diving down under the water, like the enthusiast mentioned on p. 103, to put himself in the fish's place when viewing a fly.

All that is told on these heads, however, can be read by the layman without fatigue, and the text as a whole has the decided merit of recommending itself hardly less to those who care nothing for the sport than to its votaries. Mr. Sage's humor and love of anecdote, and an exceptional descriptive power, furnish great attractions for any one capable of appreciating these qualities, whatever the theme. His characterization of the Indians of the river is very droll—their innocent rhetorical profanity, mere flowers or lubricants of speech; their dependence upon positive orders even for routine work, etc. It is worth while quoting what is said of this trace of savage improvidence and shiftlessness:

"We had, as an example, for several years as cook, one Jim Pole. To him the knowledge never came that we expected to have three meals on any particular day simply because we had been in the habit of having them. He was always cheerful, and perfectly willing to cook a dozen dinners daily—which I do not doubt he often did for the men; but if, before going to bed, we omitted to tell him that we wanted breakfast the next morning, and to specify the hour and every item of food for the meal, he would fail to furnish anything.

"He never came for orders, nor did he ever practise his art without explicit directions. On one occasion, when we expected certain of the white natives, with their female relatives, to dinner, and wished to prepare a somewhat elaborate feast, after the menu had been settled I remembered we had some canned green corn, and, summoning the cook, said, 'Jim, you may give us some of that corn for dinner.' 'Yes, sir,' was the smiling response. But little did I think that he considered this order a constructive cancellation of the previous labored ones, and great was my dismay when, on leading a blooming girl to the table, the only dish displayed was a huge one of canned corn. Jim was standing by highly pleased with his success, and when, with a horrible suspicion of the truth, I demanded the production of the rest of the dinner, his cheerful answer was, 'Well, you say git corn, an' so I git corn an' stop make tudder dinner.' There was no use in scolding him, as the fault was mine, and the banquet was apologetically postponed for an hour.

"This necessity of giving the plainest and most definite instructions to get anything done, applies to most Indians, and has to be recognized in order to get along well with them. You can have one wake you at six every morning for a month, and the first time you omit telling him specifically to do so, you can sleep your head off without his interference, though he may know you have made every arrangement to go out half an hour later."

For specimens of Mr. Sage's graphic faculty, we will take this (p. 188):

"I hear the low talk of the Indians back of the camp, and their steps as they descend to the river, and soon the sound of the falling axe denotes their preparations for the everlasting 'bile de kittle.' Then Nat the cook audibly dons his heavy boots on the back stoop, and with yawns and grunts prepares for the labors of the day. The sun is now full on the tent, making my two heavy blankets uncomfortably warm, and gradually banishing the delicious sense of drowsy consciousness, until I begin to wonder what time it is, and, after long hesitation, rouse up enough to look at my watch, and find it half-past five. Another few moments, passed mostly in pluming myself on not being fool enough to be fishing at that time, and I crawl out of my tent to see such a morning as I believe can only be found in northern latitudes: a blue sky of unclouded brightness, the air warm and balmy, yet with a spicy undertone of freshness that makes every breath of it a luxury; the grass sparkling with the heavy dew, and, in some places yet untouched by the sun, showing the whiteness of the hoar-frost of the night; and the noble river before me, hastening along so fast and foolishly to lose its identity in the waters of the great Gulf of St. Lawrence."

And this (pp. 138, 139):

"I sometimes think the love of nature that the sportsman has is of a different order from that felt by the average mortal. Perhaps it is a lower sentiment, in that it cannot find its highest gratification in the smaller details of scenery—in one beautiful view, one rude mass of rocks, one stately tree, or one brilliant flower—but needs the entire effect. He is not moved half so much by the serene beauties of Lake George, only here and there showing the absence of man's hand, as by the sunset on some wood-surrounded, clear, and lonely lake, with the trout breaking at the edge of the lily-pads near the mouth of the cold stream which feeds it, the loon calling mournfully in the distance, the startled sheldrake and her brood half flying, half swimming at his approach, the croaking bittern, with his labored flight—the whole combination of water, forest, and animal life joining to produce a subtle charm which no frequented place, however beautiful, can yield.

"When the native animal life has been destroyed, or forced, through the proximity of man, to seek homes less disturbed, there is always a lack of that completeness of natural surrounding which makes one feel that here is a spot just as it was centuries ago. Before the memory of man, deer sought the water by this well-marked runway—not stealthily by night, but mornings and evenings; and in the warm July and August weather the heat of the day found them up to their backs in the cool stream, lazily cropping now and then a tempting full-blown water-lily close at hand, and slowly retreating before the first rare human intruder. The mud about the salt-lick at the foot of the lake has for hundreds of successive seasons been marked with their footprints, as it now is. That mink stealing along the shore to his hole in the heaped-up rocks is one of a long line which lived and fished there before him. The great owl—which begins his wild serenade shortly after the last sweet notes of the wood-pewee cease, answering the melancholy and long-drawn call of the bear from the other shore—is of a most ancient ancestry of that ilk, which has from time immemorial used yonder great beech tree, now in the last stage of decrepitude, as its nocturnal concert-hall."

In connection with the foregoing we ought, perhaps, to cite Mr. Sage's apology for the destructiveness of his craft (p. 141):

"It doubtless seems to a great many an anomaly that there should exist a love in the breast of the destroyer for the creatures he destroys; but it is a fact that the preservation of fish and game, which is due almost entirely to the efforts of sportsmen, is not by any means owing to a selfish desire for increasing their own amusement, nor to the more important economic reasons they urge, but very largely to a genuine love for the wild creatures of the woods and waters as a necessary element in the whole scheme of nature, the absence of which bereaves her, to them, of an essential part of her charm."

Notoriously, the art, whether censurable or not, has been a favorite with clergymen, whose "vocation has contributed more than any other to angling literature," and has helped latterly, we infer, to give it that scientific turn which Mr. Sage remarks (p. 261) in the books issued since 1835 and 1840. These "have been written by men who look at the amusement quite as much from the standpoint of the naturalist as that of the angler; and to these, more than to the purely scientific authors who have pursued their investigations in houses and museums, is due the greater part of what is now known about anadromous and fresh-water fishes" (p. 261).

The last chapter of this volume is consecrated to a summary bibliography of the subject, with another apology for the collector in a line not obviously useful. Mr. Sage finds fishing itself an emblem of the collector's pursuit, and justifies the one by the other. He writes pleasantly and humorously, and we are sure modestly, about the pleasures and privations and hazards of collecting; and those who are touched by a like mania in any direction will follow him sympathetically.

One might fancy that a feeling of indebtedness for sport in what were once British waters led Mr. Sage to have his book manufactured abroad. If this were so, it must have been a costly tribute, for, apart from the printer's and binder's bills, a paternal government stood ready at our Custom-house to inflict a penalty upon "the return of the native." Rather, as we perceive, a friendship between author and publisher determined a choice which the result abundantly justifies, even if the national surplus has been still further exaggerated by the tax upon American industry. In the division of the illustrations, Mr. Douglas appears to have procured the engraving of the flies by John Adam, of which we have already spoken, and which could hardly have been better done by any artist on wood. The graceful emblematic head-pieces and other ornaments by Burn-Murdoch, reproduced by phototype, are also to be set down to the credit of the fastidious publisher.

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In Castle and Cabin; or, Talks in Ireland in 1887. By George Pellew, A.M., LL.B., of the Suffolk Bar. G. P. Putnam's Sons.

Mr. Pellew, armed with letters of introduction to persons of all shades of opinion, spent four months in Ireland in the fall of last year. This book chronicles his experiences. It is for the most part taken up with excerpts from records he preserved of "talks with over two hundred people, including officials, landlords, land agents, priests, farmers, professional men, merchants, shopkeepers, commercial travellers, and laborers." We do not believe the book will help readers to much clearer views than they already possess regarding the general bearings of the Irish problem; but it is an admirable exposition of the difficulty and complexity of the situation, and would be likely to have a moderating influence upon those inclined to entertain extreme views upon one side or the other. He holds the scales evenly as between his different informants. Of all the visitors to Ireland within the past few years who have recorded their experiences, he appears to us to have best kept his head and most used his own judgment.

There can be no better proof of the honesty with which he has reported the conversation of those with whom he was brought in contact than the fact that, while he is judiciously reserved in the giving of names, the personality of his informants, in the districts with which we are best acquainted, is clear. In Kerry he visited the widow of Mr. Curtin, whose case is so well known. (Her husband, President of a National League branch, was murdered in defending his house against moonlighters who sought arms. She and her family were subjected to bitter persecution, and, since Mr. Pellew's visit, have been obliged to leave the district, because one of the moonlighters was shot in the mêlée, and the Misses Curtin gave evidence upon the trial of the others.) The peasants' bitter, distorted, and wild view of the case is shown in an interview with the mothers of some of those condemned to penal servitude for complicity in the transaction.

"In the centre of a large, untidy farmyard is the high thatched hut of Mrs. Casey. She looked like an old chieftain, with pale, delicate face surrounded by the stiff frill of her white cap, as she sat by the peat fire watching the bubbles rising in an immense iron pot hanging from the crane. 'For the death of Curtin,' she said in a clear, strong voice, 'three Sullivans, two Caseys, Darley, Spring, MacMahon, Clifford, and others were arrested. The Curtins swore black, brown, and white against Darley and my sons, and laid low one of widow Sullivan's. Curtin's people had got blood-money before; his grandfather in '98 was an informer.' [This was not true.] 'If those boys did that thing, they merely went for arms; a foolish thing, but it has been done throughout Ireland, and is done to-day. As long as I am alive, and my children and their children live, we will try to root the Curtins out of the land. Now, I will, I will do it. Wasn't a young man more than equal to that old codger? Yet I am better off than she [Mrs. Curtin] is. I can go out to-day, and I won't have peelers about me, and I won't be hooted and booed. My oldest boy went insane, and I am sick, so, as long as I live, the Curtins shall have my good wishes.'"

The author's conclusions regarding the difficulties of home rule are, upon the whole, just. He, however, too much leaves out of view the sentimental side of the question, the impossibility of continuing to govern Ireland upon present lines, and the apparent necessity for immediate and radical change. We doubt whether the Irish people will, as the author expects, by the extension of local government such as that now being enacted for England, be taught "to blame themselves rather than the English Government for local discomforts." He brings out the almost universal desire in Ireland for protection, and its difficulty under any system of home-rule, but he does not sufficiently dwell upon the practical abandonment of the idea by the representatives of Irish opinion in their acceptance of Mr. Gladstone's bill.

The book is not without mistakes. To a certain extent the interpretation of the courts has set aside the clause of the Land Act which enacted that "in fixing the rent, no rent is [to be] charged on improvements by him [the tenant] or his predecessors" (p. 15). We do not believe that the author's (the Government's) version of the Mitchelstown mêlée, as given at p. 95, is borne out by the testimony of independent witnesses. Nor is it correct to say (p. 297) "the proportion of paupers to the population is from three to four times greater than in England." Ireland has gone wofully behind in this matter within the last decade, but she is still, according to the Poor Law statistics, considerably before England. Upon the whole, 'In Castle and in Cabin' is an admirable work, and we desire for it a wide circulation among those who are anxious to inform themselves regarding the state of feeling among different classes in Ireland.

Roman Literature in Relation to Roman Art. By the Rev. Robert Burn, M.A., LL.D., Glas. Macmillan & Co. 1888.

This is a wofully dreary and empty book, upon a most interesting and fertile subject. Dreary, because of the uniformly dry and heavy style in which it is written, burdened with quotations, most of which illustrate only the author's pedantry; and empty, because, so far as we have been able to discover, its 315 pages do not contain one suggestion upon its fascinating theme which has not become a platitude by repetition on the part of every writer who has ever dealt with Roman literature or Roman art. Who, for example, does not know that Roman poetry was largely influenced by patronage, that Roman sculpture was realistic, and concerned itself more with men than with gods, that Roman architecture was stupendous when it occupied itself with the arch, and conglomerate and vulgar in its decorative features, and that a chief characteristic of both the poetry and the art of the Empire was their display of technical virtuosity? Yet these are stated as new ideas, and proved, especially on the literary side, with which the author seems to be most familiar, by quotation after quotation from the writers of the time. This is especially noticeable in the chapter on Roman Portrait Sculpture, almost the whole of which is taken up with extracts from Roman authors illustrative of their interest in the human countenance and the power of the features to express mental conditions and characteristics. This Dr. Burn apparently regards as in strong contrast to Greek feeling, and, when combined with the realistic tendencies of their portrait sculpture, as a decided and lamentable degradation of art. "Therefore it may be said that the idea underlying Roman Portrait Sculpture was the degradation of the divine to the human form, and, when further developed, would have generated a fondness for such exhibitions as Madame Tussaud's."

Another instance of this realism which is apparently noted by way of contrast to the Greek, is that Suetonius, in his 'Lives of the Cæsars,' usually gives a particular description of the Emperor whose life he is relating. "In several cases the shape of the nose and the appearance of the hair is noticed," which we confess ourselves unable to regard either as extraordinary or as in contrast with Greek writers—even the best—when we recall the vivid portraits of Teiresias, Odysseus, and the other principal performers in the 'Iliad' and 'Odyssey.' Certainly, no Roman literary portraits are more real than they.

If the book has any claim to originality, it is in the author's deductions from his comparisons between Greek and Roman art and literature, some of which strike us as masterpieces of logic in their way. We give a few specimens:

"We gather, then, that the principal influences of Roman character and circumstances upon their art may be roughly stated as follows: First, their innate *severitas* and realism produced satire in poetry, biographic tendencies in history, caricature, technical finish and excessive exactitude in art; while, secondly, their world-wide empire and wealth enlarged and confused both poetry and art, giving rise to a composite style in both, and a preference of quantity to quality, and of crowds to groups" (p. 29).

This is the close of the introduction, and it may also be considered the keynote of the book. Architecture bends to his argument as follows:

"Athena was 'full of ideas' in Homer; and we find Minerva in Ovid 'called the goddess of thousands of works.' So in like manner the Corinthian capital is the ideal of simply beautiful ornament, while the composite is rich and complicated. The Greek Ionic is simple, while the Roman Ionic is architecturally adapted in form" (p. 112).

Finally, the superiority of Homer to Virgil, in one respect, and the degrading influence of wealth upon Roman poetry, are thus summed up:

"Homer, in *Il.* ix. 213, gives a long description of the cooking of the heroes' meal, beginning with the killing of the animals, the lighting of the fire, and the spitting of the joints, while Virgil only applies, in *Æn.* v. 100, two or three lines to the cooking of the meal. This indicates the desire of the poet not to shock his patrons' aristocratic notions of a meal by going too far into particulars. Again, in the tenth book of the *Æneid*, Virgil has three lines describing the treasures offered to Æneas of works of silver and ingots of gold, while Homer, speaking of a similar offer, enumerates bronze, gold, and wrought iron generally" (p. 173).

The last, and by far the longest, chapter in the book is upon the general subject of Romano-Greek architecture, and may be of some service to those who know little about it. The illustrations, with which the book is bountifully supplied, are "process" reproductions of familiar photographs, and are of material service in filling out the volume and giving it an attractive appearance.

Practical Statistics: A Handbook for the Use of the Statistician at Work, Students in Colleges and Academies, Agents, Census Enumerators, etc. By Charles T. Pidgin. Boston: The William E. Smythe Co. 1888.

The author of the book before us has been for fifteen years, as he tells us in his preface, engaged in statistical work, and for a large part of that time has been connected with the Massachusetts Bureau of Statistics of Labor, of which he is now the chief clerk. His duties have made him familiar with every detail of the methods employed by that bureau in the collection and compilation of statistical information. It is only natural that, when he sets out to tell how in practice statistical data can be most easily, cheaply, and accurately gathered and tabulated, he should give an account of the way in which the Massachusetts Bureau gathers and tabulates them. This he does, and for practical purposes this is all he does. We are not disposed to find fault with him for doing this and this alone.

As he remarks in his preface: "Many works

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have been written relating to statistics, but, to the author's knowledge, none have been devoted exclusively to the explanation of the practical part of statistical work." The only person who is qualified to write a good book upon a new subject of an exclusively practical nature, is a man who has had a large and successful experience in dealing in practice with the problems with which the book concerns itself. When he has clearly and accurately told us the way in which his experience has convinced him that the work can be best done, he has said all he can say on the subject.

Mr. Pidgin, of course, employs, in performing his duties in connection with the Massachusetts Bureau, those methods which he thinks are most likely to yield the best results. We do not suppose that he thinks that these methods cannot be improved, but as he knows that the Massachusetts Bureau does the best statistical work in this country, he is justified in taking that Bureau as a model. Practical instruction can usually be better conveyed in the concrete than in the abstract, and accordingly the author, instead of formulating a set of rules and maxims, selects the most extensive undertaking in which the Massachusetts Bureau has ever been engaged, viz., the taking of the State census of 1885, and tells us just how the work of that census was done. He shows us how the schedules were prepared. The instructions, general and special, to enumerators and agents are reproduced. We are told how the schedules when returned were examined and tested, and the quickest and best methods of tabulating and presenting the results are considered.

To reprint a number of old schedules and instructions, and accompany them with some notes and explanations, may not appear to be either a very difficult thing to do or a very valuable thing when done. But to select from among the blanks and forms of the Bureau those which would be of use to persons engaged in other sorts of statistical work, was probably not as easy as it seems to be, and the result is a book that a person who proposes to undertake any considerable statistical investigation cannot afford to be without. It will be practically indispensable to statisticians, not because of the new or original suggestions it contains, although these are neither few nor unimportant, but because it will save them from the necessity of taxing their brains to anticipate all the contigencies which, if not anticipated and provided for in advance, will add much to the cost or detract greatly from the accuracy of the work. The amount of time and money which will be saved by a book like this, in which all the more probable of such contingencies are referred to, would not be easy to calculate.

BOOKS OF THE WEEK.

Althaus, F. Theodor Althaus: ein Lebensbild. Bonn: Emil Strauss; New York: Westermann.
Black, W. Strange Adventures of a House-Boat. Harper & Bros.
Bottone, S. R. *Electrical Instrument-Making for Amateurs.* D. Van Nostrand.
Clarke, W. H. The Civil-Service Law: A Defense. L. K. Strouse & Co.
Compton, A. G. First Lessons in Wood-Working. Ivison, Blakeman & Co.
Correspondence of Wagner and Liszt. Translated by Franz Hueffer. Scribner & Welford. 2 vols.
Crawford, F. M. With the Immortals. Macmillan & Co. $2.
Curtis, W. E. Russia: its People, its Palaces, its Politics. Belford, Clarke & Co.
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Daudet, A. Thirty Years of Paris and of My Literary Life. George Routledge & Sons. $1.50.
Flagg, W. J. Woman the Stronger. Belford, Clarke & Co.
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Gaspary, Prof. A. Die Italienische Literatur der Renaissancezeit. Berlin: R. Oppenheim; New York: Westermann.
Hark, Rev. J. M. The Unity of the Truth in Christianity and Evolution. J. B. Alden.
Herrick, Christine T. Housekeeping Made Easy. Harper & Bros.
Holls, F. W. Sancta Sophia and Troitza. New York: Martin Luther Society.
Hullah, Mary E. In Hot Haste. Henry Holt & Co. $1.
Hurlba, A. Eugenia: A Friend's Victim. Welles Publishing Co. 50 cents.
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Murray, J. A. H. New English Dictionary on Historic Principles. Part IV., sect. 1. Bra—Byz. Sect. 2 (commencing Vol. 2), C—Cass. Macmillan & Co. $3.25.
Nesmith, J. E. Monadnoc, and Other Sketches in Verse. Cambridge.
Nobody Knows; or, Facts that are not Fictions. Funk & Wagnalls. $1.25.
Overland Monthly. Vol. XI.—Second Series. San Francisco.
Pendleton, L. Bewitched: A Tale. Cassell & Co. 50 cents.
Piatt, Donn. The Lone Grave of the Shenandoah. Belford, Clarke & Co.
Prothero, R. E. The Pioneers and Progress of English Farming. Longmans, Green & Co. $2.
Richard Chenevix Trench, Archbishop: Letters and Memorials. Macmillan & Co. 2 vols. $6.
Richepin, Jean. Césarine. Paris: Maurice Dreyfous. Boston: Schoenhof.
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Social Life and Literature Fifty Years Ago. Boston: Cupples & Hurd. $1.
Southworth, Mrs. E. D. E. N. The Family Doom. Philadelphia: T. B. Peterson & Bros. 25 cents.
Staël, Madame de. Corinne; or, Italy. Scribner & Welford.
Stedman, E. C., and Hutchinson, Ellen M. Library of American Literature. Vol. 4. Chas. L. Webster & Co. $3.
Stockham, Dr. G. H. Temperance and Prohibition. Oakland, Cal.: The Author. $1.
Street, A. E. Memoir of Geo. Edmund Street, R.A. 1824—1881. London: John Murray; Boston: Little, Brown & Co.

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